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LEISURE HOURS;

OR,

MORNING AMUSEMENTS.

CONSISTING OF

Poems

ON

A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS,

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS:

WITH NOTES.

By W. STEERS.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO

MY MUSE.

1.

FULL oft, my Muse, thy weak untutor'd strains,
 And pensive music of thy plaintive lyre,
Applause have met from rude, unletter'd swains,
 And partial friends have prais'd thy trembling wire.

2.

Wild as the lay that floats upon the gale,
 When midnight zephyrs kiss Eolian strings,
Thy notes thou hast dispers'd around the vale,
 And plum'd in peaceful solitude thy wings.

3.

When poor, unhappy youth, whose silent ears
 No sense of sweet harmonious sound retain,
Now first arous'd to joy, astonish'd hears
 The "full-ton'd organ's" bold majestic strain!

4.

Lost in amaze, in mute expressive signs,
He motions rapture to its wild excess,
Each quiv'ring limb, and every sense resigns
To all the breathless extacy of bliss.

5.

Thus, dearest Muse, when thy melodious lay
Pours the sweet sorrow in my weeping eyes,
My ravish'd spirit chides the long delay,
Spreads her weak wings, and trembles to the skies.

6.

As evening taper sheds its modest rays,
Content one little circle to adorn;
'Till now thou'st sung as heedless of its praise,
As careless, fearless of the public scorn.

7.

Oh, had thy friends from flatt'ring force refrain'd,
Nor drag'd thee forth reluctant from thy rest,
To all but these unknown, thou'dst still remain'd
Retir'd, but in that lov'd retirement bless'd.

8.

Sweet is the music of thy shepherd's reed,
When these the tribute of applause bestow,
But "plain, unvarnish'd" as thou art, indeed
I scarce can hope the WORLD will call it so.

9.

The test of merit lies not with the few,
Who'd name e'en dulness from its author bright;
The world at large must give it merit too,
And all think PRETTY what the few think SWEET.

10.

Yet should thy harsh, unpolish'd verse, my Muse,
One thoughtless libertine's impure career
Betimes arrest, correct one vile abuse,
Repress one sigh, or wipe one starting tear;

11.

From beauteous eyes draw forth one heavenly smile,
To speak their approbation of the lay;
One tortur'd wretch of madd'ning pain beguile,
Or charm one sad—one tedious hour away,

12.

To crown my hopes, should each dear parent live,
(O God, thou wilt not sure deny me this!)
'Till from these hands the aged pair receive
Thy simple songs, and smile the verse to bless!

13.

Then let the critics chide thy artless page,
To Lethe's wave thy lowly verse consign,
A rich reward that mocks their puny rage,
The transport of a grateful heart is mine.

14.

But should not one, my gentle maid, admire
Thy strains; should all despise thy little lore,
Still shalt thou tune in solitude thy lyre,
While Prudence whispers, "Seek the world no more."

15.

Sweet as the voice of Mercy to the soul
On angels' pinions hast'ning to be blest,
Thy rustic harp shall be my solace still,
And still shall soothe each rebel pang to rest.

16.

Tho' nobler bards thy feeble flight disdain,
On more experienc'd wings sublimely borne;
And thou to blest obscurity again,
To weep thy first, thy last sad fall return.

17.

This sweet reflection shall amidst the scorn
That blasts thy hopes, thy transient sorrows cheer,
Thy lays ne'er plac'd in Mis'ry's breast a thorn,
Nor cost the poor unfortunate a tear.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

INSEPARABLE.

1.

SWEET Source of Song, that o'er my soul
Dost heavenly warmth diffuse,
Whate'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Or spirit blest, or muse!

2.

While classic bards, in verse profane,
A fame eternal raise,
Be thine the task, the joy supreme,
To breathe Jehovah's praise.

3.

Too oft some less exalted theme,
Some soft bewitching lay,
Usurps my soul's sweet throne and steals
My better thoughts away:

4.

Each worship'd joy that bids mankind
Submit the prostrate knee,
By turns hath found, (oh taste depraved)
An advocate in thee:

5.

But shall the eagle leave his nest
For more congenial skies,
And wilt not thou one effort make
From "baseborn" earth to rise?

6.

Oh! let unhallowed verse no more
Expire upon thy string;
But God's omnipotence and grace,
And all his mercies sing.

7.

In melting extacy dissolv'd,
On joys celestial dwell,
Nor dread Icarus' fate, for here
'Tis glorious to fall.

8.

Yet hold, audacious maid, nor dare,
With rude presumptuous hand,
Thy grating harp's harsh notes to spread
Around th' astonished land.

9.

The lustrous beams of lucid light
That heav'ns high ways adorn,
Deride thy skill, and laugh thy low,
Laborious flight to scorn.

10.

Tis not to thee, my grov'ling muse
The grateful task belongs,
Vain are our best attempts to praise,
Till GOD inspires our songs.

11.

And how shall lyre so weak as thine
Essay the lofty strain,
When angels, would they speak his love,
Must strike *their* harps in vain.

12.

Oh could a thousand tongues in one
Their blended utt'rance join,
Expression, words, and speech would fail
To paint the Pow'r divine.

13.

So wondrous are the works, oh Lord,
Thy beauteous hands display,
My raptur'd soul despairs to praise,
And meekly turns to pray.

14.

But should I rashly dare to crave
What least it boots to know,
Withhold the false, perfidious bliss,
Nor all I ask bestow.

15.

Thou best canst tell what most I need,
What least my wants require;
What thou art pleas'd to think most good,
That teach me to desire.

16.

Repress unheard the rising wish
The world's attractions give,
E'er words the embryo thought mature
That scarce begins to live.

17.

All that from thee, Oh God! I gain
Of earthly good or ill,
That let me justly learn to prize,
And praise thy mercies still.

18.

Should fate destroy my smiling hopes,
Or gild my prospects fair,
This let my soul in peace enjoy,
Or that with patience bear.

19.

I ask not gold, for wealth but chains
The soul to scenes below;
If this thou deem'st it fit to grant,
Thou wilt unask'd bestow.

20.

By me untouch'd let massy dross
In quiet slumbers rest;
Give me the poorer, happier lot,
To be with little blest.

21.

But should in distant years remote,
My blest Creator please
For wisest purposes to grant
Me affluence and ease,

22.

Let not thy bounties undeserv'd
My rising heart elate,
Nor pride debase a wretch so low,
Aspiring to be great.

23.

Instruct me rightly to apply
The heaven-intrusted store,
To live the friend of worth and want,
The steward of the poor.

24.

May meek-eyed charity forbid
My rude unbridled tongue,
At modes, or forms of faith to rail,
When chance my own is wrong.

25.

Tho' Pagan, Catholic, and *Friend*,
My firm belief condemn;
The right to judge they grant not me,
That let me yield to them.

26.

Give me the heart which fondly feels
A bleeding brother's woe;
And loves to lend its lenient aid
To wipe the tears that flow.

27.

Which spares the Friend the harsh rebuke,
And lingers to reprove,
And, frail itself, at once accords
To pity and to love.

28.

When adverse fate attunes his soul
To agony and grief,
And cold misfortune's chilling frown
Denies the prompt relief,

29.

Be mine the calm, the pure delight
To bid the suff'rer live,
To taste the noblest feast of man,
The luxury to give.

30.

O grant me wisdom to discern,
When clouds obscure my sight,
The heavenly road that leads to thee;
The hallow'd path of right.

31.

Tempt not my weakness, oh, my God!
Beyond my strength to bear;
Lest sin should o'er my faith prevail,
And leave me to despair.

32.

If ought can make a soul like mine,
A soul more worthy thee,
Instruct me how that joy to gain,
And give that bliss to me.

33.

Whate'er of sin, whate'er of vice,
This heart of stone contains,
Its vacant seat may grace ascend,
And cleanse the guilty veins.

34.

Preserve me, Lord, when snares unseen
My heedless feet betray,
Reclaim me e'er I sink too deep,
And point thyself the way.

35.

Let not my weak rebellious soul,
My erring spirit dare
To murmur at thy sov'reign will,
Tho' keenest woes I bear.

36.

For why should wretch so poor as I
At ought on earth repine,
Or court the *world's* delirious smile,
When all I need is *thine?*

37.

What tho' awhile my spirit faints
Beneath thy chast'ning rod,
Thy smiles still shine behind the veil,
And still thou art my God!

38.

When morn salutes the infant day
With golden streaks of light,
How beauteous beam the heav'ns serene,
How gloriously bright:

39.

But could each star that gilds the sky,
And each resplendent sun,
Desert their vast eternal spheres,
To blend their rays in one;

40.

Not all their lustre could a light
So glorious display,
As thou around my heart shalt shed,
When all my fears give way.

41.

Tis vain, oh God, in pray'r alone
My trembling notes to raise,
For pray'r but leads my grateful heart
Insensibly to praise.

42.

To thee, my God, my hope, my trust,
My Father, and my Friend,
Regardless of all lesser good,
My praise, my pray'rs ascend:

43.

The gifts thy lib'ral hands bestow,
My trifling wants exceed;
Give me to know, to love thee more,
And I am blest indeed.

FAITH AND WORKS.

1.

'TIS works, not faith, the sinner cries,
Must fit the soul for bliss;
The rash experiment he tries,
And puts *his* FAITH in this.

2.

Thy soul 'tis faith alone can save,
A thousand tongues reply,
Thy works with thee shall seek the grave,
And with thyself shall die.

3.

Another steers a middle course,
And trusts thro' both to live,
And truly hopes he's none the worse,
Tho' both combine to save.

4.

If works alone can merit heav'n,
How few, alas! there are,
To whom the rare perfection's giv'n
The mighty bliss to share.

5.

If faith and God's free grace alone
Will save the wretch from hell,
Good works will sure improve the boon,
And rank him happier still!

6.

As one or both must save from death,
And yield supreme delight,
Unite good works with lively faith,
And then you must be right.

A HYMN.

1.

WHEN Satan's darts assail my sinful soul,—
When troubles vex, and needless doubts arise,—
When seas of deep affliction o'er me roll,—
And sinners scoff, or infidels despise;

2.

When Persecution shakes her iron rod,
And stalks with desolation in her train;
When Superstition reigns, and worships God,
With bleeding victims on her altars slain;

3.

When scisms in thy church, oh God! prevail,
And Sin triumphant sees the righteous fall,
When carnal joys, and worldly comforts fail,
And dire distress, and dreadful dreams appal.

4.

When these, and ev'ry earthly ill I bear,
And bow my heart with agonizing woe,
'Till sorrow bids my fainting soul despair,
And tears of anguish deep unbidden flow;

5.

'Tis then, oh God of Hosts! my sinking faith
Thine arms support, and heav'nly comfort yield;
Cheer'd by thy voice, and nourish'd by thy breath,
I hail thee God! my Saviour, and my shield!

6.

Almighty King of Souls! oh, grant me grace,
A holy fervour in my bosom raise,
Dispel my fears, bid ev'ry doubt give place,
And teach my falt'ring tongue to sing thy praise!

GOD,

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

1.

THE dark-hued native of a western clime,
(To pure religion and to grace unknown)
Where no kind beams of radiant truth sublime,
Nor rays of mist-dispelling light e'er shone,

2.

With humbled fierceness, and with heart elate,
In gloomy wilds first learns to breathe the pray'r,
Erects an altar to the Spirit great,
And trusts that fav'ring Spirit hovers near.

3.

Where Indian seas, in populous display,
The winding shores of rich Hindoostan lave,
The dark Hindoos to mighty Brahma pray,
And leave their sins beneath the sacred wave.

4.

Torn from their rocky beds of ages past,
With toil immense, the rude Barbarians raise
The pond'rous stones to form an idol vast,
And teach their wond'ring babes to lisp its praise.

5.

In desert isles the pious savage rears
A branchless tree, and consecrates the wood;
Carves on its trunk the shapes of nose, eyes, ears,
And stiles the huge, insensate log his God!

6.

The sooty negro on his sun-burnt plains,
With zeal officious builds the twig-wrought cell,
In this a snake with gentle force detains,
And calls it God! his hope, and little all.

7.

Where Persia's king its glitt'ring sceptre wields,
And countless nations hear but to obey,
Its sallow sons adore the orb that yields
The rising blushes of the new-born day

8.

A polish'd twig th' unletter'd savage wears,
And to his bosom clasps the sapless wood,
Posses'd of this, possesses all, nor fears,
Or foes, or death, while present with his God.

9.

In Eastern realms reside an harmless tribe,
Who burn their incense to th' aspiring flame!
To this all praise, all glory they ascribe,
And this belief the only pure proclaim!

10.

In Madagascar's unenlighten'd isle,
A hollow bowl the sable native awes;
Nor lives there one so lost, apostate, vile,
But fears its anger, and obeys its laws!

11.

A land there is, where baleful vapours rise,
And pois'nous winds in rude commotion blow,
Where death in ev'ry shape, in ev'ry guise,
Stalks hungry forth to spread disease and woe;

12.

Deep in the bosom of a hallow'd grove,
The congregated crowds a temple rear,
Seek there the object of their pious love,
Breathe there the vow, and thence direct the pray'r.

13.

To them a monkey's jaw supplies a God!
A God minute and small! a lifeless bone!
To this they bow as parent of all good,
And praise the mighty tooth as God alone!

14.

In Albion's favor'd isle, by heav'n inspir'd
To point the road to everlasting bliss,
The lowly pastor tells how Christ expir'd
To save the world, and gave his life to bless!

15.

Breathes forth aloud the great Jehovah's name
As Lord of all; eternally possess'd
Of truth and love; in ev'ry age the same,
The God of mercy, and for ever blest!

16.

'Tis thus in various forms, in various ways,
One common Lord the sons of earth adore;
To one kind God their mingled voices raise,
And back to heav'n the souls he gave restore.

17.

'Tis not complexion, shape, or outward form,
Shall save the deathless soul from lasting woe,
Thy love, oh God! a Negro's heart can warm,
Or life on wand'ring Hottentot bestow.

18.

Where'er the wretch thy mercy shall implore,
On Ganges' banks, or winding Niger's side,
In desart isles, on Afric's wave-wash'd shore,
Or where remote eternal snows abide,

19.

That pray'r, if rightly form'd, shall not in vain
Entreat a blessing tho' no Christian he;
His ignorance shall not the sigh detain,
But heav'nly gales shall waft his vows to thee.

20.

Not ev'ry shore can boast a fruitful Nile,
A tide immense. Yet shall each land contain
The stream which bids the yellow harvest smile,
And spreads a modest verdure o'er the plain:

21.

'Tis thus thy hands, oh God! thy stores divide
Of heavenly love. The God of mercy still
To all: and where thou hast an ocean's tide
Withheld, there flows the stream, the murm'ring rill.

22.

Unnumber'd limbs from one tall trunk shall rear,
An hundred boughs from each strong limb shall grow,
A thousand twigs each fruitful branch shall bear,
Yet one vast stem unites them all below:

23.

And so, tho' countless as its leaves, to thee
The modes of man's belief eccentric rise,
They are but branches of one mighty tree,
From one grand source aspiring to the skies.

24.

Oh may I ne'er, with dark, and sightless eye,
Presume to trace the myst'ries of my God;
To give him laws, whom glorious worlds obey,
Or soar to paths by human feet ne'er trod.

25.

But shall that Pow'r, beneficent and kind,
Whose name is mercy, and whose ways are peace,
Who when this earth capacious he design'd
Proclaim'd himself the father of the race,

26.

Who bade the lamp of heaven with equal glow
Its light and warmth impartially divide,
Salvation on a favor'd few bestow,
And veil his face from all the world beside?

27.

Oh could'st thou bid thy Holy Spirit warm,
ONE hapless victim predestin'd to hell:
Or lend thine image to his god-like form,
And plant therein the imperishable soul,

28.

Erect and build that wond'rous structure man,
And pour hot life quick circling thro' his veins,
Give him a face so fair, an angel mien,
Already doom'd to death and endless pains?

29.

Millions there are to Jesus heavenly name!
And to the glorious light of truth, unknown,
And shall their souls in everlasting flame
Atone for disobedience not their own?

30.

And when a poor, a weak, a trembling soul
Shall claim admittance at thy heav'nly gate,
Wilt thou demand its faith, its native soil;
Or yield thy high supremacy to FATE?

31.

Oh God, forgive me, if I rashly hope,
A virtuous Savage may thy mercy share!
That thou wilt stand his friend, support, and prop,
Nor leave a righteous Heathen to despair!

32.

Forbid it, Mercy, and, oh God, forbid!
A wretch should suffer for his ign'rance sake,
Who has no light beneath a bushel hid,
Who has no guide, nor hath a law to break!

33.

Oh not from him, the wretch in mental night,
From nat'ral cause submerg'd, wilt thou desire
A pure, a clear conception of the light,
Or from his lips the Christian's faith require!

34.

For thou hast said, "My Son aton'd for all;
I am thy God, thy counsellor, and friend;
The man who seeks my face, or great, or small,
(For no distinctions plead with me) shall find!"

35.

Father of men, and King of saints above,
Thou great Unseen, and much too little known,
In each blest spot some wretch hath felt thy love
To man, and Christ hath claim'd him for his own.

36.

Thro' the wide world dispers'd, in ev'ry clime,
Thy sons adore one grand, one great First Cause,
Their universal parent Thou. Nor time,
Nor place, can give their great Creator laws.

37.

In ev'ry land, oh Lord! thou'rt still the same,
Unchangeable, omnipotent, sincere;
In ev'ry land Jehovah hath a name,
And one great God a thousand nations fear!!

FAITH

SUPPORTS UNDER EVERY AFFLICTION.

1.

WHEN fast the ev'ning twilight wasting,
Clouds of darkness veil the skies,
A weary trav'ller homeward hasting,
O'er the dreary mountain hies.

2.

The night, the distance, disregarding,
Persevering to the end;
While pits and bogs his steps retarding,
O'er the dang'rous path extend.

3.

A well-known light, remotely cheering,
Pierces thro' the midnight gloom,
'Till ev'ry danger disappearing
Joy receives the wand'rer home.

4.

Thus faithful souls, despair defying,
Seek the mansions of their God,
And on his arm of strength relying
Safely tread a dang'rous road.

5.

Their hope of glory still increasing,
As increase their troubles too,
Their pious ardour never ceasing,
Only bless'd when they pursue.

6.

Their light is Jesus, sweetly guiding,
'Till the tedious road is past,
And in his grace and love confiding,
God receives them home at last.

GOD,

NO SUBJECT FOR

CURIOUS SPECULATION.

1.

Oh dare not vain, audacious man,
Thou reptile being of an hour,
The great Jehovah's works to scan,
Or place thy bound'ries to his pow'r.

2.

Beyond the limits of our ken,
With high omnipotence he sways,
Obscure and unreveal'd to men;
Not theirs to wonder but to praise!!

3.

On wings of air he rides sublime,
And speaks in thunder from the skies;
Around his head swift light'nings stream,
And lustrous meteors arise.

4.

In undiscoverable ways,
And paths unsearchable he treads;
His heav'nly plans on high surveys,
And round mysterious darkness spreads.

5.

His are all goodness, strength, and pow'r;
From him alone all else proceeds;
He rules the day, the punctual hour,
And where he lists directs and leads.

6.

When time shall rend the mystic chain
Which binds each planet to its sphere,
The great Almighty shall remain,
And to eternity endure.

A HYMN.

1.

Oh God of Abr'ham, hath my soul so long
Been bless'd beneath thy friendly care,
So oft from past affliction rose more strong,
And shall my soul at last despair?

2.

Tho' not unclouded does thy heav'nly lamp
A clear resplendent aspect wear,
Tho' passing clouds my joyous hopes may damp,
Yet never shall my soul despair.

3.

The yielding branch receives no lasting harm
Tho' deep ton'd winds tumultuous roar,
And still shall live to brave a ruder storm;
Then sure 'tis madness to despair!

4.

Tho' thou art pleas'd to veil thy heavenly face,
And leave me destitute and bare,
That erst was cloth'd in radiant robes of grace,
Yet never shall my soul despair.

5.

The pow'rs of hell exhaust their rage in vain,
And vain their baffled efforts are,
While Faith and Hope with small, still voice within,
Protect my spirit from despair.

6.

While I possess the treasures of thy word,
And read thy promis'd mercy there,
No weight of woe shall turn me from the Lord,
And never shall my soul despair.

7.

Tho' soothing sleep forsakes awhile my head,
My broken slumbers are thy care!
And while thy viewless presence cheers my bed,
Oh never shall my soul despair.

8.

Should ling'ring sickness rack this form of mine,
And pain my wasting strength impair,
A mightier grief, and mightier pangs were thine,
And never shall my soul despair.

9.

Should life's dear charms be strangers to my heart,
And mis'ry claim my sojourn here,
I trust my God wi'l kinder rays impart,
And never shall my soul despair.

10.

When fortune's frowns and deep distress invade,
And bring sad sorrow in their rear,
While thou art by to raise my drooping head,
Oh never shall my soul despair.

11.

Tho' chilling blasts howl curses round my head,
And woes accumulate I bear,
If thou art kind, no earthly woes I dread,
And never shall my soul despair.

12.

Tho' hellish warfare "senseless bigots" wage,
Their angry threats are lost in air
While Jesus smiles, and bids me scorn their rage,
And never shall my soul despair.

13.

When all my joys are fled, when faithless friend
With alter'd visage frowns severe,
To thee, my God, my "fainting steps" I bend,
And never shall my soul despair.

14.

Tho' long and tedious seems the narrow path
Of heav'n. That leads to transport there;
Yet can that road be long that leads from death,
From endless woes and fell despair?

15.

And tho' the road is strew'd with rankling thorns,
Yet still the prospect is not drear,
While heav'nly light the glorious path adorns;
And never shall my soul despair.

16.

Full well, oh much too well, 'tis known to thee
How great my vile transgressions are,
But thou hast caus'd thy grace to live in me,
And never shall my soul despair.

17.

Oh come, dear Lord, sweet Saviour, ever bless'd,
And save, oh save me from despair;
In thy supporting arms oh let me rest,
And breathe my soul in raptures there!

THE

ATHEIST.

1.

" OH cease! mistaken fools!" the Atheist cries,
" On airy schemes of shadowy bliss to dwell;
In vain ye seek a heaven above the skies,
Or shun the horrors of a fancied hell.

2.

" And why, ye sots, with unabated zeal,
Delusive bliss, ye ne'er can grasp, pursue?
The promis'd extacies ye long to feel,
Are monstrous falsities, and most untrue.

3.

" These are but speculations of the Sage,
Abstrusely weak; ridiculous and vain;
The pious fashions of a friv'lous age,
The shapeless phantoms of a frenzied brain!

4.

" Ye lean dependence on your *'sacred'* word;
Support and build your cherish'd hopes on lies:
On things too light, too glaring, too absurd,
And trifling to deceive the truly wise.

5.

" As curious swains in unsubstantial air
Material forms of giant-bulk survey,—
Thus ye on empty nothingness confer
The name of *God—a God of boundless sway!*

6.

" Who is this glorious God, this Pow'r Supreme,
This All-creating-by-Himself-create,
This mist-envelop'd, dark, mysterious dream?
There is no God! 'tis Chance alone is great!!

7.

" Dragg'd from the chaos of primeval night,
By Chance impel'd the mingling atoms rise,
Rush various up the darken'd rays of light,
Form a new world, and spread th' ethereal skies.

8.

" 'Tis not by gift divine that men possess
Beyond the brutes superior pow'rs to know;
Nor had their equal lot, their sense been less
Than ours, if Chance had not ordain'd it so.

9.

" 'Tis sov'reign Chance that bids th' obedient earth
In giddy rounds her circling course revolve,
'Twas this which gave Protean matter birth,
And shall, at last, the crumbling mass dissolve.

10.

" Then cease, oh cease! ye poor mistaken crew!
On wild conceits, erroneous and weak,
To feed. Nor more in thorny paths pursue
The graspless shade, the airy form ye seek:

11.

" Dark superstition to the full-faced priest,
To well-fed monk, and cloistered abbess leave,
Nor heed their weak advice: ye know at least
It is their int'rest—bus'ness to deceive.

12.

" Let these, with many a sweet extatic tear,
On future bliss, eternal raptures dwell;
Or still, amidst alternate hope and fear,
Anticipate—on earth ENJOY their hell.

13.

" Of various parts, of various tastes possest,
Let each degrade and prostitute his own,
And still remain in self-deception blest,
And worship still a thing unseen, unknown.

14.

" Free from the vile, the soul-confining chain
Of narrow prejudice sublime I soar;
Leave dull religion, and her gloomy train
To pious fools, and only Chance adore."

15.

'Tis thus, ambitious of an Atheist's fame,
The impious wretch his ignorance betrays,
Gives to the world the story of his shame,
And what concealment most requires, displays.

16.

On human reason, human sense relies,
(Oh monstrous folly, ignorance supreme)
To prove the sacred Ruler of the skies
The " baseless fabric" of a midnight's dream.

17.

(So Erostratus o'er th' Ephesian pile
The flaming brand, the wild combustion threw,
Survey'd its smoking ruins with a smile,
And thence his guilt's eternal record drew.)

18.

Thou great Eternal Majesty divine,
Who high enthron'd on sparkling beams of light
Conceiv'st the purpose of each dread design;
Thou great All-wise, omnipotent in might!

19.

Whose piercing eyes to earth's remotest bound
Direct the glorious radiance of their way,
With boundless gaze created space surround,
And all th' expansive universe survey!

20.

Oh shall the dying worm thou mad'st, presume
At wondrous Thee, with impious tongue to rail;
Its languid crest, emerging from the tomb,
In scorn uprear, and Thee with vile reproach assail?

21.

Oh shall this poor Ephem'ra of a day,
This breathing earth—this animated clod,
'Gainst Thee with rude rebellious lips inveigh,
And still exist, the scorner of its God?

22.

And is't for thee, accurst, presumptuous knave,
Of vaunted sense, the pigmy giant thou,
With rapid strides advancing to the grave,
Against high heav'n thy daring "bolts to throw?"

23.

Shalt thou against the great All-good, All-wise,
Fallacious fool! thy feeble arms extend?
And shall not sudden lightning from the skies,
To blast thee to thy native hell descend?

24.

Unstable as the spider's filmy thread
Thou hold'st th' uncertain tenure of thy days,
And canst thou fearless rush to death, nor dread
To mock the God all earth unites to praise?

25.

Adoring Nature thro' her boundless frame,
E'en where the eye ne'er reach'd, nor feet e'er trod,
Breathes her loud pæans to his sacred name,
And speaks the mighty presence of a God.

26.

Yon beauteous flower in crimson robes array'd,
The unobtrusive tenant of the vale,
An added sweetness to the peaceful shade
Imparts, and fresher fragrance to the gale.

27.

Observe how wildly regular each limb,
(From parent root uprear'd) digressive grows;
Behold how strong, how vigorous the stem
Supports the blushing burthen of the rose.

28.

Now, wretched reasoner, can thy lab'ring brain
Conceive how thus th' expanded blossom grew,
Or can thy wise philosophy explain
From whence the rose its matchless sweetness drew?

29.

Does lucky Chance the juice-inspiring veins,
The trunk with humid nourishment supply,
Or draw the wat'ry cloud in needful rains,
In fruitful streams abundant from on high?

30.

Or, self-supported o'er each happy land,
Or where the rocks o'er dreary-wastes extend,
This glorious arch, magnificent and grand,
The pure, effulgent vault of heav'n suspend?

31.

Did Chance command the chariot of the Sun,
O'er heav'n's broad way with vivifying glow,
Its unrestrained, diurnal course to run,
And smile resplendent on the plain below?

32.

Or bid the lesser meteors of the night,
Amidst the dark obscure, the distant ray,
Divulge; and liquid streams of radiant light
To bless the drowsy world's repose display?

33.

From strong cementing parts of grosser air,
Thro' pathless space impetuously hurl'd,
On hoary Time's eternal basis rear,
(Stupendous task!) the pillars of the world?

34.

When angrily against the flatten'd shore
Which bars the rude approaches of the main,
The dreadful surges hideously roar,
Does Chance the fury of the tide restrain?

35.

Does this the mighty monarch of the seas,
The monstrous whale his vast circumference give,
His wondrous length, his huge unwieldy size
Expand, and bid the moving mountain live?

36.

Man's stately form conceive, so perfect, fair,
Life's gentle music in the beating heart
Awake. Shape the smooth limb, the lofty air
Of sov'reign sway, of conscious rule impart?

37.

The subtle texture of the nervous brain
The musing soul's mysterious seat supply,
Stream the swift current thro' the slender vein,
Or teach its language to the speaking eye?

38.

Oh! is it possible thou canst believe
A lying creed so palpable as thine,
And dost thou not in all His ways perceive
The God-like labours of a Pow'r divine?

39.

For not in works, in forms like these alone,
In things of vast, stupendous breadth or height,
Hath God his wond'rous pow'r proclaim'd, or shown
His wisdom less in little than in great!

40.

'Tis not in width of canvas, huge designs,
Creative skill the happy artist show,
So much as in the gentle, graceful lines,
Which o'er the picture more minutely flow.

41.

'Tis true, in monstrous bulk, to vulgar eyes,
The vulgar daub may more conspicuous shine,
But 'tis not *depth* of paint, enormous size,
But perfect finish stamps the piece divine.

42.

The mite, of size diminutive, so small
That scarce thine eyes its doubtful path pursue,
As God's own work is great as thou, and all
The vital pow'rs thou hast, possesses too.

43.

He bade the tide of sweet existence warm,
And gaily wander thro' the lively veins;
And deeply cherish'd in its silver form,
A throbbing heart, a perfect life detains.

44.

Nor swells its panting breast from hope, from fear,
From pain, from bliss, or insect passions free;
Nor is its little life to it less dear,
Or less important than is thine to thee.

45.

The' not to mortal eyes, by nature blind,
In substance gross, in palpable display
The great Jehovah shines, his glorious mind
To all but thee exists as certain as the day!!

46.

Alas! shall he the wretch, whose viewless eye,
Whose darken'd orb, impervious to light,
Oh hapless fate! from earliest infancy
Hath closed remain'd, in dark cimerian night,

47.

Against thy better judgment, madly hold,
And firm in error, obstinate persist,
Because he never, never can behold
The blue expanse, that light does not exist?

48.

Oh no! for tho' from him the sun conceals,
Behind imperfect vision's filmy veil
Its rays; he loves its cheering warmth and feels
The day returning with its radiant smile!

49.

Then cease, thou worm! thy vain attempts to scan
Thy God; nor in thy earthly balance weigh
The great Supreme! sufficient tis for man
In silent awe to wonder and obey.

THE BIRTH

OF

CHRIST.

IN IRREGULAR VERSE.

LONG hath a dreadful race of ghastly fiends,
(Man's dark, implacable, and deadly foes)
From Sin's prolific womb, in shapes so vile,
Detestable produc'd, that e'en their Dam,
When first the monsters thro' hell's iron jaws,
(Those yawning gates, those hideous doors to all,
To each accessible; but which, once clos'd,
The soul's destin'd return for ever bar)
In black array, and terrible she saw
Mature and ripe for fell destruction rush
Impetuous to light; with terror and
With strange amazement struck, a horrid shriek

That to its centre shook the vast profound
Of that stupendous, and fiery dome,
And fill'd all hell with fear, screamed horrible.
And from the appalling sight, (as from the snake,
That many a rood its mazy length—
In folds, and wreaths voluminous extends,
The fear-struck trav'ler flies) with horror seized,
Back to the deep, unfathomable gulph
Of perfect woe, with instantaneous speed
In haste recoil'd; long hath the dreadful race
The vile, and prostituted throne of man's
Deluded soul with reckless tyranny
Usurp'd. Hath in his frail, and yielding heart's
Most intimate recess, and ev'ry pore
Instill'd their black, and pois'nous venom; and
Life's weak, unguarded treasury, by God
As virtues fair, and spotless seat design'd,
Have to its very core, its inmost "heart
Of heart" corrupted; and each swollen vein,
Each avenue and ev'ry artery,
E'en to the very verge, the vast extreme
Of their so foul capacity, with vice
With dark iniquity, and sin so fill'd
It but one stain, and one disgusting blot

Continuous appears. His mind's vast pow'rs,
Man's most distinguish'd excellence; (so near
To perfect wisdom and infinity
Approaching) and th' insulted dignity
Of God-like reason, his peculiar gift,
And singular possession, have beneath
The grov'ling brutes instinctive faculty,
And sense irrational so far debas'd,
That as the virgin moon, eclips'd, to orbs
Of lesser magnitude, but light for clear
Compar'd, to poor advantage shows; so he
To all creation—him its rightful lord
Acknowledging; by God his heav'nly sire
Superior design'd; yet to his lusts,
And unrestrained passions, most deprav'd,
And most unnatural a slave, to these,—
The mere automatons, the mere machines
Of life, on which the wretch with wond'rous pride,
With scorn, contumely, and arrogance
Insufferable, looks disdainful down,
Himself in Truth's just balance fair oppos'd,
Must e'en from that despis'd comparison
With shame retire; and to the poor unconscious brute,
Himself must far inferior confess!!

These pav'd the road, and made the pathway clear,
By which, (like some victorious general
To certain conquest, o'er devoted plains,
With War's red banner to the sportive air
In rude defiance and in scorn unloos'd,
Advancing in uncheck'd career,)—insidious Death,
Hell's fav'rite minister, and prime support,
The shores of this terrestrial Paradise
With giant strides approach'd. And this blest spot,
So beauteously fair; this lovely earth,
As man's preparatory school, to fit
For joys and pleasures more refin'd his soul;
This scene of mortals' earthly pilgrimage,
Till from his natural dross, and from the dirt
Of his imperfect nature slowly purg'd,
And render'd meet for heav'n and happiness,
In all its parts, to form one glorious whole,
So wonderfully made, with ruthless hand
Hath made for wretchedness, and pain,
A dismal dwelling, and a house of woe.

Twice twenty centuries hath aged Time
The varied seasons lapse beheld, and on
Their mighty axles countless worlds revolv'd,

Since hapless Eve, of God's forewarning voice
Regardless, and by hell's designing prince
With specious words deceiv'd, from that curst tree
(Deny'd to man its fair, forbidden fruit)
Allur'd to taste, the fatal penalty,
The curse of guilt, and disobedience
On all posterity entail'd. Too long,—
Oh much too long beneath the tyranny
Of thy despotic rule, oh Death! hath man,
(In darkness, and impenetrable shade
His gloomy character envelop'd round)
Down to the deep recesses of the grave,
In paths erroneous trod. Now, ruthless fiend,
Tho' his corporeal frame must still to thee
Submit; and though the worn-out energies
Of his exhausted strength, in happy age;
When ripe the tottering harvest of his years
For bliss, for happiness, and joy;—
When cease existence shall, that life more pure,
Celestial and extatic may begin,
By thee congeal'd, and by thy frigid touch
In fetters lock'd; in everlasting sleep
Shall surely rest, the glad, rejoicing soul,
As God eternal, and by Jesus from
The fiery sentence of the law repriev'd,

And by his grace approv'd, defies thy pow'r.
Looks smiling upwards to the starry sky's
Resplendent volume; bright, distinct and clear,
And reads, in legible display, the hope
Of life and happy immortality!

Down to the dark abyss of woe,
Remorseless fiend,
Oh Death descend,
With all thy terrors go:
No more insatiate o'er the suff'ring earth,
Thou ghastly monster of a mon'strous birth,
Suspend thy fatal wing,
Or dart thy raging sting;
But—as the wintry blast,
(The storm, the season past)
Before the glorious chariot of the spring,
With lagging haste,
Reluctant chas'd,
The icy horrors of its chilling reign,
And recent sway
To milder influence resigns—
Before thy mortal foe,
The Virgin's wond'rous Son,
With wild dismay,

Down darting to thy native hell,
On rapid wings, with all thy hideous train
Return, and there in torment dwell.
A mightier Conqueror hath won
The guilty world, and lo,
Blest as the beacon o'er the stormy main,
Bespeaks to shipwreck'd wretch the harbour near;
Blest as the fertile valley to the swain
Emerging from the wilderness so drear,
Like light'ning's beam effulgent from afar,
Stream the bright glories of his natal star!!

He who supports the vaulted sky,
Heav'n's blue, capacious canopy—
On massy pedestals of air,
With never-wearied hand,
Earth's beauteous roof, magnificently fair,
Upholds in starry grandeur o'er the land—
And who, on worlds to us unknown,
The glorious fabric of his throne,
(Himself all space pervading dark and dread)
In lustre inconceivable hath spread—
Who form'd yon radiant orb of light,
In warmth so gen'rous, and so mildly bright;

And this convex, this mighty frame
Of heav'nly workmanship, supreme—
The dark, unsolv'd enigma man,
The creature ignorant to scan
The great perfections, myst'ries of his God,
And by himself, himself "least understood."
With skill divine, from pregnant womb
Of Chaos first conceived. To whom
Angelic choirs with touch of fire,
In songs of love, and rap'trous lays
Awake the sweet, according lyre,
And join the tribute of their praise,
The great Immanuel, his only Son,
Oh condescension vast, (to save
Unworthy, from the grave
Rebelious man) hath sent in mercy down.

Thy Son, oh God! who ere the heav'ns beheld
In silent pomp, so just, so true,
Swift circling in their azure field
A thousand worlds their path pursue;
Ere Time his youthful locks display'd;
Thro' after years his rapid flight
On strong, laborious wings essay'd,
Or e'er the moon bestow'd her light;

Who ere this earth was form'd, (thyself the cause
That rose her from the dark abyss
Of empty space and nothingness)
With thee existent, co-eternal was,
Now leaves, obedient to thy will, the skies,
On earth awhile to dwell;
Nor scorns to wear a mortal's vile disguise
To snatch a world from hell.
In man's disgraceful likeness, frame—
Of mortal mould, celestial flame,—
His own etherial fire, his own bright spirit pours,
Man's abject form assumes, and him to life restores.

Low in a manger, vile, unclean,
Where lowing kine, th' accustom'd food
Of late obtain'd; a dwelling mean,
Repose the slumbers of a God.

O'er the heav'ns extatic region
Cherub hosts their wings suspend,
And a bright seraphic legion
Down to earth in haste descend;

As soaring eagle from its dizzy height,
When chance the destin'd prey,
Its piercing eyes survey,

Quick as the mind's perceptive glance—
The rapid thought, the world's expanse
Explores; with instant speed its eager flight
To earth directs,—so thro' the skies impelled,
Adown the radiant path of light,
To where, on fair Judea's happy plains,
The shepherd swains
In sweet repose, the labours of the day
Forget, heav'n's blest inhabitants, their way,
(To man's astonish'd view
Confess'd, in clear, perceptible display)
On sounding wings pursue.

On clouds upborne (to angels' æreal feet,
As waters to the spider's tread;
Unfelt its gentle pressure, swift and fleet,
Unyielding, firm, impervious and secure,
Suspended on unwearied wing,
To man the joyous news they bring
That God his life's fair forfeiture
By Christ, who lives, oh mighty love to shed
His blood in agony for him, hath paid,
And for his sins a rich atonement made.

" Fear not, oh man! we come not to destroy,
But, as the bright ambassadors of heav'n;
To us the welcome task is giv'n
By God to bring good tidings of great joy.
" Fear not, ye shepherds, but with one accord
To Bethlehem, come, haste away,
For know, to you, this glorious day,
Is born a Saviour, even Christ the Lord."*

Hear blessed earth, and let the strain
Of angels, to the skies again
By thee re-echoed with transported tongue
Return. Let not a lay, so blest, unsung
By thee remain.
Of man's redemption, and his sins forgiv'n
(Delightful news: from depth of woe
Escap'd, oh more than double so;)
Himself the happy favorite of heav'n,
The sov'reign mercy of his heav'nly king,
And God's all-glorious majesty they sing.
Hear all ye lands; let ev'ry shore
Beneath the sun's all-searching ray,
The wonders of his love adore,
And list in rap'trous silence to the lay!!

* See St. Luke, Chap. ii. Verses 10 & 11.

Oh had I David's harp, or Gabriel's lyre,
Cecilia's sweetness, and a voice divine,
Did Milton's muse my languid strains inspire,
Or were a Dryden's tow'ring genius mine,
Then should my rap'trous song in lofty verse,
And sweet, harmonious lays,
Jehovah's bright benevolence rehearse,
And sing my Saviour's praise.
Then should the winds of heav'n, on balmy wings,
To ev'ry shore, to ev'ry land proclaim
In joyous notes the great Immanuel's name,
And waft the welcome music of my strings.
To scorch'd Arabia's barren plain
Declare the blessing of his grace;
Nor from the Indian detain
The glad intelligence of peace.
But Fate, alas! hath frown'd upon my birth:*
The school of Nature all the school I knew,
Oppressive ign'rance chains me to the earth,
I love the Muses' flight,—but can't pursue.
God of the universe! oh grant me this,
(Beyond my feeble pow'rs;) deny'd by thee,
To praise thy matchless love, to share the bliss,
And prove a dying Saviour dy'd for me.

* "Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth."
GRAY.

ON

CONTENTMENT.

" Thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

GOLDSMITH.

IS there a blessing, oh my God!
So independent and so pure,
Without the which no good *is* good,
And man tho' rich as Crœsus poor?
Whose calm delights no circumstance of fate,
Tho' black beyond example can destroy;
Or vain endeavours of malignant hate,
Disturb the tranquil current of its joy?
Methinks a mild " unearthly voice " I hear
Descending from the skies;
Like heav'nly music on my ravish'd ear
It breaks, and thus replies:—

" Inquiring mortal, whosoe'er thou art,
" Who fain would'st learn of bliss this better part,
" This noblest use of God-like reason—know,
" (For God has nought superior to bestow)
" Man's prime felicity does not consist
" In bliss enjoy'd, but disposition to be blest!
" Sigh not for joys to come—for blessings past,
" But rest in peace; improve the joys thou hast.
" If wise, tho' poor thou art, ask not from me
" Luxurious ease; a happier destiny;
" Seek not with vain complainings to augment
" Thy cares, or plant within thy wounded breast
" Thyself the sting, but ask alone content,
" And form a *resolution* that thou *wilt* be blest!"

Alas! thou fool, so anxious to obtain
Unnecessary riches, paltry dross,
Learn from thy God, Content alone is gain,
The rest is but *accession* to a *loss.*
Yet think not thou the treasure to possess,
Still to thy passions and to vice obscen

A slave; or hope to find thy troubles less,
While careless, and neglectful of the mean:
First seek with steady aim, the glorious gate
Of virtue: then, the noble vict'ry won,
Defy the utmost rigour of thy fate,
As eagles calmly contemplate the sun!
Ignobler fowls, astonish'd at its blaze,
Avert in haste their weak and fearful eyes;
The eagle loves to ride upon its rays,
And boldly soars to meet it in the skies.
Thus while the poor dependants on the world,
Shrink from a pigmy's arrow impotently hurl'd,
In God thou canst securely trust,
And smile when all the world despair;
Enough to know that God is just,
And thou the creature of his care.
As Nature's war; the rude, tumultuous strife,
When jarring elements contend,
Restore the sickly atmosphere to life;
And thunders but in blessings end;
Th' affliction real, or what thou fanciest so,
The false, imaginary pain,

Is less than mad prosperity thy foe;
And easier wisely to sustain.
The stagnant pool, whose calm and peaceful breast,
Redundant osiers shelter from the storm,
Engenders in that quietude of rest
A putrid stench, and many a loathsome form.
The current winding o'er its stony bed,
A feeble check from many a rock shall meet,
But still, tho' these its rapid stream impede,
Its course is certain, and its waves are sweet.
The man who wants no earthly blessing,
Whose lazy life is one dull round of ease,
Grows weary of the burthen of possessing,
For e'en enjoyment cannot ALWAYS please.
But happier he who learns betimes to bear,
And bow with resignation to the rod;
He may complain, but never can despair,
He has one strong support, and that is—GOD!
In His paternal smile there is a treasure,
The pauper's wealth, the riches of the poor,
Beyond man's weak capacity to measure,
But not beyond his efforts to secure.

The grateful soul with one poor talent blest,
Who covets not the ten to others giv'n;
Who seeks, who hopes no better interest
Than peace, a bare sufficiency and—heav'n;
Who claims no right of happiness below,
But learns in heav'n's extatic page to read
That God is able, willing to bestow
All that a wretch can wisely ask or need;
Who asks but this; in sweet Content to live;
To know that God is gracious, God is kind,
Possesses that no monarch's wealth can give,
And kings may search the world in vain to find.
Firm as a mountain, stedfast as a rock,
When round his brow the angry tempests roar,
Unhurt, he bears the fury of each shock,
An unconcern'd spectator of the war.
As fearless Pettrell on the mountain waves
In triumph rides, exulting in the storm,
Undaunted he his boist'rous fate outbraves,
And finds e'en poverty may have its charm!
Looks up with great astonishment on kings,
The glare of equipage and dress,

And asks " does comfort in THESE paltry things
Consist, and is this happiness ?"
" Alas, poor wretch ! tho' boundless wealth is thine,
It yields no pleasure, yields no joys to thee;
Poor are thy pleasures, poor thy joys to mine
Compar'd : Content is wealth; is all to me."
Then from the vain parade in haste retires,
With lighter heart to solitude obscure;
His humble cot with double zest admires,
And thanks the God that made and keeps him poor.
Clasps his lov'd infants to his grateful breast,
And with the fond Cornelia of old,
Exclaims " here are my jewels ;" here I'm blest;
Here are my treasures, and I ask not gold.

Hard was thy fate, oh Demas ! thou whose wealth
A patriarch's life would scarce suffice to tell :
Who sold thy conscience, and thy languid health
Destroy'd, to gain a glitt'ring bribe from hell.
Scarce had thy feeble limbs, in daring mood,
The tott'ring step of infancy essay'd,

Ere Av'rice chill'd the current of thy blood,
And thee to woe and misery betray'd.
Gold was thy darling passion, gold thy god,
And well thy god repaid thy care;
Increas'd thy riches, till thy bags o'erflow'd,
And gave with countless wealth—despair.
Large tho' thy treasures, and thy fertile land
A petty kingdom, and thy slaves not few,
Midas more gold, more acres number'd,—and
For each thou had'st, oh agony! had two!
Poor, envious wretch! thou could'st not bear that he
Should one more yard of dirt than thou possess;
Alas! 'twas perfect misery to thee
To know thy gold by one poor guinea less.
The scanty meal, (ungrateful to the taste,
And grudg'd so much) of late thy frugal board
Sustain'd, now dwindles to a less repast,
And worse the food thy griping hands afford.
Nor on thy single self such sorrow fell,
But doom'd thy fate to share, (as not alone
Descended Satan to astonish'd hell,)
So Demas fell, and drew a thousand down.

Inur'd to woe, familiar to despair,
The friendless widow to increase thy store,
Gave all she had to give, a mite, a tear,*
And orphans claim'd their lost inheritance no more.
'Twas thy ambition—well my gentle muse
The "rising blush," the conscious hue of shame,
At such misnomer may thy cheeks suffuse,
When Av'rice bears Ambition's injur'd name.
Thy narrow soul, oh Demas! had not scope
To nurse a passion generous as this;
'Twas not *ambition*, but a *sordid hope*
Midas to equal, and more gold possess.
This wish'd event, superior wealth to gain,
Insulted heav'n, thy ceaseless pray'rs addrest,
Heav'n heard thee not; proclaim'd thy wishes vain;
Despis'd thy vows; deny'd the vile request.
Midas was still too rich for thee to bear;
In vain each dark, each black resource was try'd,
Then Demas sunk a victim to despair,
Clasp'd his lov'd bags, and breath'd a curse, and dy'd.

* "He gave to mis'ry all he could—a tear."
GRAY.

Oh thou, the wretch of hard and thankless heart,
Who, Demas-like, to swell thy ample store,
Canst meanly stoop to act the miser's part,
And much possessing still desirest more;
This fatal rock oh learn betimes to shun,
And know increase of wealth would but increase
Thy cares. Man's happiest lot "beneath the sun"
Is calm Content, and innocence, and peace.

He best can judge who made our nature frail,
What pray'rs to answer, and what ought to fail:
Who feels no lust for what the world calls good,
Tho' poor on earth may still be rich in God.
To bear with meekness all that he bestows,
Is sov'reign balm to heal a thousand woes.
'Tis not in wealth to give the bosom peace,
Or vast domains to set the mind at ease.
Afflictions lift the soul to purer skies,
And troubles are but "blessings in disguise."
E'en I, tho' young, am not exempt from cares,
And e'en this sod I've moisten'd with my tears;

But still, tho' stubborn nature may complain,
I know 'tis for my int'rest in the main,
And trust my God will help me to sustain.
Existence is a stormy sea at best,
And we below can ne'er be wholly blest.
Mankind's best hopes are fix'd beyond the grave;
And till life ends we scarce begin to live:
Yet he who thinks no lot superior to his own,
At least is happy by *comparison;*
He life enjoys, divested of its sting,
And feels his paltry self, a prince, a king!

The natives of a sterile shore,
Where scarce the rocks can give
Sufficient from their stinted store,
Whereof to "eat and live,

Unus'd on luxuries to feed,
And much inur'd to want,
Possessing nothing, nothing need,
Nor feel their blessings scant.

The joys of fortune, wealth, and pow'r
Are fleeting, false, and vain;
Fate may disperse them in an hour,
And turn the whole to pain.
Then let the world still pant for gain,
By ceaseless cares opprest,
And live unhappy to obtain
The means to make them blest;
I'll not disturb my halcyon peace,
Tho' little is my store;
Or lessen what I now possess
By vain desires for more.
While bounteous heav'n enough bestows,
And all my *wants* supplies,
And hush'd in undisturb'd repose
Each murm'ring passion lies;
With thee, Content, I'll hand in hand
My humble path pursue,
We'll pluck each flow'r that sweets expand,
And leave the pois'nous few.
Like the bright beams of noon-day sun,
Thy smiles shall cheer the road:

Shall gently warn me what to shun,
And guide me to the good.
Calm as the sea's unruffled breast,
My days shall glide away,
Than Fortune's favorites more blest,
And richer far than they.

ELEGY

ON A VIRTUOUS, BUT UNFORTUNATE *YOUNG LADY.*

1.

BENEATH the shadow of yon weeping tree,
That looks in solemn sadness o'er the plain,
Of care unconscious and from sorrow free,
Lies the sad victim of disease and pain.

2.

As wand'ring bees, by specious flow'rs betray'd,
On rapid wings the well-known hive regain,
With curious eye her gentle soul survey'd
The world, and sought its native skies again.

3.

No sculptured records o'er her ashes rise,
No splendid trophies of the rich man's tomb;
No hackney'd verse salutes our wond'ring eyes,
To break the silence of sepulchral gloom.

4.

No train of priests in sable vestments clad,
Have sung the "last sad requiem o'er her bier;"
No specious friends, with downcast looks and sad
Weep with feign'd tears and sorrow insincere;

5.

No sable plumes wav'd mournful o'er her hearse,
To mock with combat vain the yielding air;
No silken shroud enfolds her pallid corse,
Nor decent shade her livid features wear.

6.

Alas, how chang'd the scene, once she was fair,
Blithesome and happy as the live-long day;
To harmless mirth a friend, a foe to care,
With smiles she chas'd the wrinkled guest away.

7.

But vain th' attempt, and fruitless is the task,
To sing the praises of the silent dead;
Insensible to all, no praise they ask,
Nor heed the tears by heav'n-sir'd Pity shed:

8

What tho' no records o'er her ashes rise,
Nor splendid trophies of the rich man's tomb;
What tho' no verse salutes our woud'ring eyes,
To break the silence of sepulchral gloom;

9.

What tho' no priests in sable vestments clad,
Have sung the "last sad requiem o'er her bier,"
What tho' no FRIENDS with down-cast looks and sad
Weep with feign'd tears and sorrow insincere;

10.

What tho' no plumes wav'd mournful o'er her hearse,
To mock with combat vain the yielding air;
What tho' no silken shroud enfolds her corse,
Nor decent shade her livid features wear;

11.

The loss she feels not, nor the want deplores,
But sleeps in peace beneath the grass-grown sod;
Hush'd are her pangs, and venomless her sores,
Still is her heart, and motionless her blood.

12.

Not heaps immense of rich Pactolean ore,
With all the hidden treasures of the deep,
Could raise o'er vice so fair a sepulchre
As her's, or purchase half so sound a sleep.

13.

When shining worlds to Chaos shall return,
And Fate shall bid the drowsy dead arise,
Her soul shall mount on Seraph's wings upborne
To heav'n, and soar exulting thro' the skies.

HOME.

1.

A ling'ring length of misery and pain,
From Troy returning, sad Ulysses bore,
With crazy barks condemn'd to plough the main,
And cast on many a rude, Barbarian shore.
Borne with his mournful friends o'er stormy seas
From coast to coast the exil'd hero flies,
Disdains the sweets of still, inglorious ease,
Plies the swift oar, and still pursues the prize.
Sweet smiling Hope expands the swelling sail,
And gently sooths the perils of the way,
Nor adverse winds, nor proffer'd crowns prevail,
In foreign climes the wand'rer's steps to stay;
Nor fair Calypso can his faithful band detain,
And artful Circe tries her potent spells in vain.

2.

If one should ask, whose lips ne'er breath'd its praise,
Or lov'd to linger on his country's name,
Why Ithacus thus tempts the raging seas,
Why braves the billows, what the hero's aim?
What strong attraction wings his rapid flight
From beauty's arms, from sweet Idalian bow'rs,
From blissful scenes of ever-new delight
To court destruction on unfriendly shores?
'Twas love of Home, beyond all ties most sweet,
This pow'rful charm that swell'd his patriot breast;
Twas this inspir'd the remnant of his fleet,
And led them on still eager to be blest.
Its sacred name, its praises trembled on each tongue,
And Home, dear Home, on ev'ry lip with transports hung.

3.

Ye guardian-spirits of my native vale
Where first my limbs in infant sports attain'd
This firm elastic spring, why sighs my soul
A "pensive hour" amidst your woods to spend?

'Tis nature rules the longings of my breast,
And forth impells the involuntary tear,
For tho' from Home I still remain unblest
My heart's best half, my soul, is ever near.
When midnight shadows lengthen on the plain,
And drowsy darkness lulls me to repose,
My spirit seeks her recent haunts again,
And joyous smiles on scenes of bliss bestows.
Renews acquaintance with her vegetable friends,
And o'er the cot where first I breath'd her hov'ring
wings extends.

4.

Ye silver brooks, ye clear pellucid streams
That K——'s fair fields with cool luxuriance lave,
Borne on whose billows no proud vessel swims,
Nor commerce breaks the silence of the wave;
Ye sylvan sov'reigns of the peaceful shade
Where musing contemplation loves to dwell,
Ye tripping fairies of the verdant glade
Where mystic rings of nightly visits tell:

Ye blest retreats, where oft I've trembling stood
When black'ning clouds bespoke the tempest near,
Or thund'ring peals, terrifically loud
In awful murmurs linger'd thro' the air;
Surpassing all, thou dear, and ever blessed grove,
Where first my faithful maid confess'd and own'd her love!

5.

While here, with smoke envelop'd round, I toil,
Inhaling with the foul pestif'rous breeze
A pois'nous atmosphere, impure, and vile,
Sure source of languor, sickness, and disease;
While here amidst this theatre of noise,
And pleasures false, alluring to betray,
Of splendid woe, and vain fantastic joys,
An exiled youth reluctantly I stay;
Oh say! when pain, when disappointment sours,
And retrospection's gentle sighs intrude,
What sweet companion of my lonely hours,
Have I to cheer "this peopled solitude?"

'Tis life-supporting hope assures my days at Home
I yet shall end, and speaks of happiness to come!!

6.

Yet not to me the blest desire is given
As my peculiar birth-right, mine alone,
Nor lives a wretch beneath the arch of heav'n
But loves his Home, and most admires his own.
Emphatic nature whispers in his ear,
(And who with eloquence like her's can plead?)
"Behold all earthly blessings center'd here,
In this thy Home, thy Paradise indeed."
The rugged rocks beneath her plastic hand
With more than fam'd Arcadian sweetness smile,
As beauties rise upon the happy land,
And chain his ardent spirit to the soil.
With undiminish'd force the charm till death remains,
And pours a youthful current thro' his aged veins.

7.

The insatiate thirst of gain to distant climes
The freighted vessel from her "native shore"

Attracts. O'er pathless seas immense she swims,
And bears to wide-stretch'd realms remote her store.
The fruitful stream of seven-mouth'd Nile ascends,
Or courts Arabia's odorif'rous gale,
To Afric's point her glowing course she bends,
Or near Spitsbergen spreads the stiffen'd sail.
To Italy perhaps her varied way
The heav'n-preserv'd, the well-stor'd ship pursues,
Or where the Southern Seas their isles display,
Or Ganges' waves their sacred streams diffuse.
With ample canvass to the prosp'rous breeze unfurl'd,
Conveys the destin'd freightage to the Western World.

8.

Of absent friends, of joyous Home meanwhile
The crew converse. In social chat the way
Of half its weary, tedious length beguile,
And various countries, various scenes survey.
Each diff'rent land its native charms shall boast,
Each diff'rent shore a diff'rent aspect wear,

Some blooming grace appears on ev'ry coast,
And all *have* charms, tho' not alike all fair.
Eternal verdure, and an endless spring,
Serenely smile on fair Italia's shore;
Nutritious fruits the Southern Islands bring,
And Afric's woods their fallen masts restore.
Perfum'd Arabia yields her fragrant sweets, and Nile
Th' abundant harvest pours upon the fertile soil.

9.

Each favour'd country shall at last possess
The transient charm that novelty supplies;
And poor that land which no peculiars bless,
And e'en its sons th' inheritance despise.
While thus the wide-extended world around
With patient sufferance the wand'rers roam,
Oh shall not one attractive spot be found
Superior to the dull, insipid Home?
If, worthy reader, thou a trav'ller art,
And half, nay all the yet-known world hast seen,
Repeat that question to thy answ'ring heart,
And judge of others constancy by thine:

Nor they, nor thou e'er yet beheld sweet Home
surpass'd,
Or ceas'd to hug its fond remembrance to the last!

10.

Ye vile unfeeling butchers of the race,
Ye hell-hounds, fiends, insensible to shame,
To human-nature scandalous disgrace,
Ye men of blood, unworthy of the name,
Who scruple not, (oh horrible to tell,
And scarce my lips the dreadful tale unfold,)
To tear the Negro from his Home, and sell
A brother's flesh, a brother's blood for gold;
Who not one sigh of sympathy bestow
A just abhorrence of the TRADE to speak,
And can unmov'd behold the tears that flow,
In "briny torrents" down his "care-worn" cheek:
And cruel as the roaring Tyger o'er his rended prey,
In pond'rous chains your curst authority display!!

11.

Nor less, ye planters, ye who share their crimes,
To Mercy, Justice, and remorse unknown,

Whose grov'ling souls no gen'rous warmth sublimes,
And Pity's children blush asham'd to own;
O'er whom cold avarice, that prince of hell
With pow'r resistless as the light'ning reigns,
And who by legal, piece-meal murder swell
The excessive measure of your ill-got gains;
Whose nervous arms, by daily practice strong
The knotted lash with barb'rous force apply,
Around his shoulders wind the dreadful thong,
And who with smiles behold his agony;
Who dare man's unalienable rights t' invade
And God's own image to the rank of brute degrade!!!

12.

What heav'nly power, what high behest of God,
What charter'd birthright and what law divine,
Hath sanction'd and approv'd the trade of blood,
Or authoriz'd your barbarous design?
Oh worse than murderers? what poor excuse,
What curious, specious pretext will ye plead
To gild the horror of this foul abuse
Of petty pow'r, this cruelty indeed?

Ye curst abortions of the human race
Tho' affluence by means like these ye gain,
Repose and peace reject your loath'd embrace,
And sleepless nights succeed to days of pain.
Fly, fly, Barbarians, to retirement quickly go,
And let uncheck'd the tears of deep repentance flow.

13.

By ruffian force, and rude, resistless pow'r,
To distant lands inevitably borne,
Behold the SAVAGE from his sultry shore,
From parents, children, friends, and country torn:
The clust'ring tears that down his manly cheek
Their burning course impetuous pursue,
In Nature's language eloquently speak
His inward pangs, and choak his last adieu;
As Troy's proud hope reluctant left the strand
When coward Greece the proffer'd war declin'd,
Thus leaves the ling'ring wretch his native land,
But leaves, for ever leaves, his heart behind;

And still his streaming eyes in agony explore
The well-known windings of the swift receding shore.

14.

To Afric's Gods the loud convulsive pray'r
He breathes, and asks oblivion in the grave!
Poor fool, of fate so blest as this despair,
There is no hope, no comfort for the slave.
Swift flies the bounding vessel o'er the tide,
Nor adverse wind her onward way detains;
The subject waves before her path divide,
And soon, too soon, the destin'd port she gains.
Assembling crowds, impatient of delay,
With eager haste her steepy sides ascend,
The living freight with curious eyes survey,
And o'er each limb their rude licentious hands extend;
With critic glance explore the captive's manly frame,
A lucky scoundrel buys, and brands him with his name.

15.

Alas! within that rough, unfeeling breast
No gentle chord of sweet compassion lies;
The worse-than-brute denies the needful rest,
And scarce the necessary food supplies.
In vain t' extort the kind, approving smile,
His slave's strong limbs unusual powers display,
Abuse, and foul reproach reward his toil,
And vast exertions cruel stripes repay.
No friend has he with lenient hands to slope
Life's steep ascent;—the bed of death prepare;
Nor one pale gleam of life-inspiring Hope
Affords a transient refuge from despair.
Incessant streams of woe suffuse his weeping eyes;
He drags a loath'd existence, and by inches dies.

16.

Yet sage logicians assure mankind
The mournful martyr shall at once estrange
His heart from Home. In ev'ry land shall find
A much superior lot, and bless the change!!!

But should avenging Fate the scene reverse,
And Europe's sons their sable lords obey,
Their change would these admire, or would the curse
That spoke the soul, contented ease display?
Absurd belief! Ye advocates of shame
Full well ye know the slave ne'er yet preferr'd
Exotic mis'ry to his country's claim,
For Nature speaks aloud, and will be heard.
Nor breathes in breast of man one passion fond and free,
As love of darling Home, and smiling liberty.

17.

The starv'd Siberian from eternal snow,
And rigid frost to warmer regions bear,
Where milder skies enliv'ning warmth bestow,
And flow'ry vales a gay luxuriance wear.
In perfect freedom let the strange Uncouth
O'er verdant plains, or splendid palace roam,
And say, shall sights like these inspire the youth
With less regard, with less esteem for Home.

Oh no! The weary traveller awhile
Will glance a tir'd survey with curious haste,
Expand his homely features in a smile,
And pause astonish'd at our want of taste!!
Then seek, with speedy steps, Siberia's sterile plain,
And thank his stars he breathes his native air again!

18.

Thou Great Supreme, whose wise, all-bounteous hand
No partial fondness, no distinction knows,
But kind to all alike, on every land
Its own peculiar source of bliss bestows:
Oh hadst thou not within each fost'ring breast
This sacred stream of firm attachment pour'd,
Then man with others, more supremely blest
Had weigh'd his lot, and Home despis'd, abhor'd.
But more than blest with this, his barren fields
As fertile plains his partial eyes survey;
Prolific sand a rich abundance yields,
And Nature keeps a jocund holiday.
Beneath the sun no country can with his compare,
Hath friends so friendly, or hath fair-ones half so fair.

19.

And doth not one sweet spot unrival'd rise,
All bliss containing in itself alone?
Oh yes! A land there is beyond the skies,
Which ev'ry tongue must far superior own:
A land so fair, no earthly tongue can tell
The half its charms: that strikes expression dumb:
A land where joys beyond conception dwell,
And all who seek shall surely find a Home.
Be this the gen'ral lot of all to know
Tho' here the spirit makes her short abode,
We are but transient passengers below,
In diff'rent ways returning home to God.
There safe arriv'd, nor earth, or hell, can lead astray,
Or clouds eclipse the glories of eternal day.

FRIENDSHIP.

1.

Oh sacred Friendship, thou whose soothing aid
Like Gilead's balm each fest'ring wound can heal,
Oh shall I woo thee, pensive, in the shade,
Or lov'st thou in the crowded court to dwell?

2.

Oh could I learn where thou art to be found,
Pure, holy, firm, affectionate, sincere,
O'er ocean's waves to earth's mysterious bound
I'd seek thy smiles, and end existence there!

TO-MORROW;

OR,

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

PART I.

1.

Oh! may'st thou never spring to light,
Black day of horror and affright,
Replete with sorrow;
But still in Hell's unsightly womb,
At once thy parent and thy tomb,
Still rest To-morrow!!

2.

Oh time! suspend unmov'd thy wings,
For know accurst To-morrow brings
Excess of woe;
Shall come with mis'ry in its train,
And great, intolerable pain,
And tears shall flow!

3.

The wretch To-morrow led to death
Resigns in agony his breath,
(So fate ordains,)
To-morrow shall the death-bell toll
A dreadful summons to his soul
To burst its chains!

4.

Observe how spiritless he lies,
With clapsed hands, and streaming eyes,
And heaving breast;
How comfortless his stench'd abode,
How dark his dwelling and—oh God!
Afford him rest.

5.

To-morrow to the wither'd arms
Of age, a maid resigns her charms
In hopeless sorrow;
To nerveless apathy allied,
A wedded widow, and a bride,
She dreads the Morrow.

6.

To-morrow shall some bankrupt swain,
Whom flinty creditors distrain,
To prison go :
Doom'd by unfeeling avarice
To equal punishment with vice,
And equal woe.

7.

To-morrow shall the trumpet pour
Its brazen notes, and cannons roar,
And drums shall rattle ;
And sturdy warriors haste to prove
In deeds of death their patriot love,
And die in battle.

8.

To-morrow shall some doating sire
Behold his cherish'd heir expire,
Distort with pain ;
Some mournful mother wildly rave
To snatch an infant from the grave,
Alas ! in vain.

9.

To-morrow shall some fallen Lord
Desert the sickly world, abhor'd,
For solitude:
Some Minister in foul disgrace,
Depriv'd of pension, pow'r, and place,
His reign conclude.

10.

Some wealthy merchant, (rich no more)
His vessels stranded on the shore,
Or buried deep
Beneath th' unfathomable wave,
His lost estate, (impossible to save)
In anguish weep.

11.

Then still reposing in the west
In endless sleep To-morrow rest,
And still abide;
And 'neath a dark eternal night
Thy beams, obnoxious to the sight,
In pity hide!!

TO-MORROW;

OR,

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

PART II.

Being a Parody upon Part I.

1.

Oh may'st thou quickly spring to light,
Sweet day of pleasure and delight,
Unknown to sorrow;
Repose not in the night's dark shade,
But swift as she by gold betray'd,*
Come haste To-morrow!

2.

Exert, oh Time! thy rapid wings,
For know the blest To-morrow brings
Excess of joy;
Shall come with pleasure in its train,
Nor shall intrusive, transient pain
Its raptures cloy!

* Atalanta.

3.

The saint to-morrow blest in death
Resigns in quiet peace his breath,
(So God ordains.)
To-morrow shall the death bell toll:
A token that his joyful soul
Hath burst its chains.

4.

How placid, how serene he lies,
With clapsed hands, and beaming eyes,
And tranquil breast;
He smiles at pain's afflictive rod,
And seems, supported by his God
Already blest.

5.

To-morrow to the vig'rous arms
Of youth, a maid resigns her charms,
In beauty's flow'r:
To equal age by love allied,
To-morrow she becomes a bride,
A maid no more.

6.

To-morrow shall some bankrupt swain,
Whom flinty creditors detain
In prison wall,
Restor'd to life, to hope again,
His long lost liberty regain,
Perhaps his all.

7.

To-morrow shall the flagons pour
Their streams, and flow shall turtles gore,
At city meeting;
And many a cit shall haste to prove,
What none can e'er dispute, his love
For——"FAMOUS EATING!!"

8.

To-morrow shall some doting sire
Behold and clasp his truant heir,
His darling boy;
An anxious mother shall again
Her lovely daughter fondly strain,
Her pride and joy.

9.

To-morrow shall some exil'd lord
Return to wealth and rank restor'd,
From solitude;
Some minister by special grace
Obtain at last the envied place,
So long pursued.

10.

Some wealthy merchant from the shore,
With watchful sight extended o'er
The wat'ry plain,
Shall see triumphant o'er the tide
His pregnant barks in safety ride,
And count his gain.

11.

And I to-morrow shall behold,
(Oh! Fate thou canst not sure withhold
My heart from this).
And circling in these blessed arms
My lovely "maid in all her charms"
Expire with bliss.

12.

Then by the S—v—n's silver stream
(Oh joy! oh extacy supreme!)
We'll fondly stray;
I'll tell her, "for ingenious truth
The constant stream resembles youth,
Resembles thee."

13.

Then like a gem from coat releas'd,
Emerging from the radiant east
To bless the dale,
Thy joyous beams of op'ning light,
Oh sweet To-morrow! to the sight
In haste unveil!!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

A FEMALE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

ON HER SINGING.

1.

O'er the desert dark and dreary,
O'er the barren scorching waste,
Tentless, friendless, lost and weary,
See the fainting pilgrim haste.

2.

All is stillness, all is sleeping,
Save the playful zephyrs breath,
Restless phantoms, nightly weeping,
Telling dreadful tales of death.

3.

Silent as the placid ocean,
Tranquil as the icy wave,
Hush'd is nature's busy motion;—
'Tis the silence of the grave.

4.

Hark! a distant murmur lingers
On the wanton breeze express'd,
'Tis the touch of heav'nly fingers,
'Tis the vespers of the blest!

5.

Forms immortal, softly sighing,
Down the liquid ether sail;
Strings harmonious, wildly dying,
Gently whisper to the gale.

6.

Now the wond'ring wretch surrounding
They the joyous notes prolong,
Strains melodious, sweetly sounding,
Sweep the harps of heav'n along.

7.

On his staff astonish'd leaning,
See the lonely trav'ller stay;
Ev'ry zephyr fondly gleaning,
Wildly listening to the lay.

8.

Hear the seraph-minstrels warble,
See the pilgrim's frame congeal'd,
Fix'd as they to forms of marble
Chang'd by curst Persean shield.

9.

Nor the night, the distance weary
Now the trav'ller's thoughts employ:
Here he could for ever tarry,
Fix'd in bliss, absorb'd in joy.

10.

Lost as he (in transient wonder
List'ning to an angel's lay,)
O'er the waste of life I wander;
Dark and cheerless is the way.

11.

Foes have frown'd, and friends have slighted,
Scarce, oh sun! I felt thy glow
E'er I sunk in youth benighted,
Young in years—but old in woe.

12.

Heav'n, my fair, to soothe my wailing
Gave the love of song to me,
Gave an ear of rapt'rous feeling,
And a seraph's voice to thee.

13.

When my bosom, proudly swelling,
Scarce my bursting heart contains,
'Tis thy voice, my cares dispelling,
Steals Elisium o'er my pains.

14.

When extatic, solemn measures
On thy trembling lips expire,
Sure thou steal'st Apollo's treasures—
'Tis the language of his lyre!

15.

Angels then their wings extending
Blest to hear a mortal lay,
Down the pathless skies descending
Dart the glories of their way:

16.

Raptures fresh, and joy increasing,
Long the choir of heav'n detain,
'Till the soft attraction ceasing
Bids them seek the skies again.

17.

Canst thou chide the tear for glist'ning,
Or forbid the tear to flow?
'Tis the painful bliss of list'ning,
'Tis the extacy of woe!

18.

Sweeter than a bed of roses
Blushing welcome to the day;
Sweeter than a babe reposes,
Are thy songs, my fair, to me!

THE DAYS
THAT ARE PAST.

1.

Oh why should I grieve for the days that are past,
When a stream of delight gaily flow'd in each vein,
For my dear native cot, or homely repast,
Or pleasures I've tasted ne'er to taste them again?

2.

Oh why should I sigh for the sweets that are fled,
As the leaves of the rose are dispers'd by the wind;
When the rude northern blast sweeps cold o'er its bed,
And they leave but the sense of their fragrance behind?

3.

Tho' torrents of tears (like the grief-stricken fair *
When she wept for the fate of her children) I shed,
Can grief a past blessing restore, or a tear
Wake the shades of the blest from the dust of the dead?

* Niobe.

4.

Oh Mem'ry, false maid, sure a God ne'er design'd
When he bade thee descend to the plain here below,
With eyes sadly fix'd on the beauties behind,
That the landscape should wear the dark aspect of woe!

5.

He gave thee to man, that his thoughts uncontrol'd
As the future, the present, the past they explore,
Might dwell with delight on the transports of old,
And enjoy its sweet scent when the rose is no more.

6.

But he, when the trifles no longer engage,
And the scanty remains of his hairs are grown gray,
Looks back on his youth, in the winter of age,
And complains that the spring fled too rapid away.

7.

Oh! ne'er can I think on my infantine joys,
Ere the slights of the world had allied me to pain,
But the tears of regret stream fast from my eyes,
And my heart heaves a sigh to enjoy them again.

8.

When Phœbus retires from the mists of the night,
And the cares of the world are dismiss'd till the morrow,
My soul fondly turns to those scenes of delight,
And still dwells on the dear recollection with sorrow:

9.

Recurs to the moments so peaceful, so blest,
When beguil'd of my tears in a mother's caresses,
Embracing we sunk on one pallet to rest,
Or inspir'd but one life as we mingled our kisses.

10.

Oh can I forget how she watch'd o'er my bed,
As the turtle keeps watch o'er the nest of her young;
The blessings she piously pour'd on my head,
Or the sweet-soothing accents which died on her tongue.

11.

(Oh tell me ye slaves to the raptures of sense,
So familiar to all that the world may call bliss,
Can *pleasure* so perfect a blessing dispense
As a mother bestows on her child in a kiss?)

12.

Dear Source of my life, tho' thy babe then so young
Could not bless thee in words, nor a murmur express'd
To thank thy affection, he needed no tongue,
For a mother is thank'd when her children are bless'd!

13.

Ye friends of my youth; of my happiest years,
Tho' the myst'ries of fate have constrain'd us to part
Ne'er again to embrace, bear witness my tears
That no absence your forms can erase from my heart!

14.

'Till the storms of the world are hush'd in my breast,
And my spirit approaches its haven at last,
No joy can I know, so serene and so blest,
As I tasted with you in the days that are past!

15.

Yet grieve not my bosom, repine not my soul!
(For the joys of the earth are but empty and vain)
But press to the skies, like the steed to the goal,
And the mansions of rest shall receive thee again!

16.

Lean thy hopes on thy God, and thence draw a blessing,
Far beyond all reward which the world can bestow:
Oh trust in his love, and thou'rt sure of possessing
All the joys thou canst ask in this chaos of woe!!

MY OLD
YARN STOCKING.

1.

THO' num'rous holes my ruthless feet have worn,
And many a darn bespeaks thy age;
And tho' thy services I oft forget
When weightier things my mind engage,
My Old Yarn Stocking!

2.

Tho' fifty washings have thy slender form
Contracted to a size so small,
That scarce my grumbling toes can *storm* thy foot,
I will not cast thee off FOR ALL,
My Old Yarn Stocking!

3.

For thou hast toil'd with me o'er many a mile,
In summer heat, and winter's snow,
And hadst thou thought, I know thou'dst think it hard
Thy master should discard thee now,
My Old Yarn Stocking!

4.

And tho' thou art so rent, so patched, so worn,
And tho' thy darns long service prove,
Yet still those very darns, so neat, remind
Me of an absent mother's love,
My Old Yarn Stocking!

5.

For once I recollect when ev'ning came,
And thou hadst holes both wide and long,
My mother said, "To-morrow's Sunday, love,
So bring it hither, and I'll *spong**
Thy Old Yarn Stocking."

* A peculiar expression of my mother's, meaning to mend.

6.

And then she clasp'd me in her arms and wept,
And pray'd, " Kind heav'n, my child befriend,
For when thy anxious mother's dead and gone
I know not who, my boy, will mend
Thy Old Yarn Stocking.

7.

Alas! I feel my strength is wasting fast,
And should I soon be torn from thee,
'Twill be my last, my dying pray'r to heav'n,
That thou may'st live from sorrow free
As thy Old Yarn Stocking."

8.

Then round her neck my arms I threw and cried,
"Alas! you will not leave me yet,
Oh *do not die*, dear mother." Tears supply'd
In ample streams the rest, and wet
My Old Yarn Stocking!

9.

This fond remembrance of maternal love
Endears and binds thee to my heart ;
And tho' Dame Fortune thro' my life attends
Not me, 'tis chance if e'er I part
With my Old Yarn Stocking.

10.

Then still my dearest fav'rite thou shalt be,
And still my wardrobe thou shalt share;
And when thy failings are so obvious grown,
Thy master it would shame to wear
His Old Yarn Stocking;

11.

Then will I neatly fold and lay thee by,
And scent thee with some sweet perfume;
And *now* and *then* I'll steal a look to see
No moth's unhallow'd fangs consume
My Old Yarn Stocking.

SONNET.

1.

DEAR Eliza, cease thy chiding,
Check, oh check that falling tear;
In my faithful bosom hiding,
Come and lose thy sorrows here;

2.

Let me wipe that dewy treasure,
Sparkling in thy humid eye;
Let the rosy smile of pleasure
Drain the crystal fountain dry.

3.

Never can I cease to love thee,
Never can I thee resign,
Crowns and sceptres could not move me
E'er to call another mine.

4.

More than misers love their treasure,
More than captives liberty,
More than folly doats on pleasure,
Dear Eliza love I thee.

5.

Sooner shall the partial mother
Hate the smiling babe she bore,
Than thy William love another,
Or Eliza love no more.

A POET'S LAMENTATION

OVER HIS

DEPARTED MISTRESS.

1.

RIVERS of grief in countless tears I shed,
And falt'ring accents on my lips expire;
Despair and horror hover round my head,
And mournful numbers tremble on my lyre.

2.

Slow winds the current of my languid heart,
An icy cold arrests the crimson tide;
Death's fast approaches bid e'en hope depart,
And horrid spectres o'er my dreams preside.

3.

Alas! my love, my beauteous, sainted maid,
My lips incessant on thy virtues dwell!
Low in the grave thy cold remains are laid,
And these torn ears have heard thy fun'ral knell.

4.

Soon shall my longing soul direct its flight
To meet thy spirit on that blissful shore,
Where placid peace and heav'nly joys delight,
And hopeless sorrow stings the heart no more.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

A MUSICAL FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

YE friendly sprites, who oft, (by fairy spells)
Allured th' enchanted swain at close of night
With still astonishment beholds. And who,
As o'er the flow'ry mead ye lightly trip,
Dance giddy circles to the zephyr's pipe,
Melodiously sweet, 'till rosy morn
Bedecks in golden robes the smiling east!
O tell, (if o'er your path an earthly muse
Should stray) Oh! tell her that not more in vain

Against Apollo poor Marsyras strove
For music's meed, than rival Syrens strive
To equal her. Oh! say beyond all others her
I dare proclaim the first, and from her lips
A melody proceeds, e'en angels need
Not blush to own. Ye fairies tell her this
And crown the matchless nymph the queen of song!

AN ELEGY

ON A FRIEND.

1.

BENEATH yon marble urn with cypress crown'd,
The mournful record of mortality,
Diffusing sober melancholy round,
A lovely maiden's mould'ring relics lie.

2.

Short was the period of her sojourn here,
And quick the blest transition to the skies;
But long shall faithful memory the tear
Bestow, and mourn her fun'ral obsequies.

3.

Alas, the boasted virtues of mankind
But little *merit*, little worth possess;
Perfection never was for man design'd,
And poor at best his fancied righteousness!

4.

Yet when the spirit shall to heav'n ascend,
Which hath like her's the race of glory run,
Applauding shouts heav'ns spangled roof shall rend
And angels cry, "Thou good and faithful soul, well done.

5.

Doom'd from her cradle to a life of woe,
A life of sorrow, mis'ry, and distress;
She hop'd small consolation here below,
And daily found, alas! that little less.

6.

In life's sweet spring, one solitary beam
Around her infant hopes its radiance shed;
But soon, too soon, the false, delusive dream
Expir'd, was lost, and number'd with the dead.

7.

(So oft when mists obscure the solar ray,
One transient gleam illumes and cheers the vale;*
Soon blacker clouds forbid the bright display,
And gloomy darkness wears a sabler veil.)

8.

As the sweet bud that scents the smiling morn,
With blushing beauties to the fav'ring skies
Reveal'd, by ruthless hands despoil'd and torn,
Contracts its wither'd leaves and droops and dies.

9.

E'er yet her gentle mind was fully blown,
Or time had bade the fragrant rose expand,
"Remorseless death," to whom no pity's known,
Remov'd the blossom to a happier land.

10.

(When heav'nly dews have nursed the tender shoot,
Till rip'ning tints proclaim the harvest near,
One loathsome worm oft lingers at the root,
Unseen destroys, and blasts it in the ear.)

* "Adorns and cheers the way" Goldsmith.

11.

Weep not, kind reader, nor lament the dead,
Man lives to die, and only dies to live;
When souls like her's to endless bliss are fled
'Tis triumph all, and vict'ry o'er the grave!!

ADDRESS TO A YOUTH

LABOURING UNDER A

HYPOCHONDRIAC AFFECTION.

1.

WHY that look of silent sorrow,
Why that look of deep depair?
Quite sufficient for to-morrow
Is to-morrow's anxious care!

2.

Why that look of mental anguish,
Why that look of speechless woe?
Dost thou for a mistress languish,
Or life's fancy'd sweets forego?

3.

Short is life, our pleasures fleeting,
Soon our mortal race is run;
Disappointments hourly meeting,
Pleasures ending ere begun.

4.

Riches are but golden bubbles,
Soon they vanish into air;
Poor enjoyments, constant troubles,
Source of sorrow—blessings rare.

5.

Love is but a sweet delusion,
Painful pleasure, pleasing pain;
Bliss unreal, and mad confusion,
Mark the artful tyrant's reign,

6.

Yet the mind content possessing,
Or from mis'ry, or from woe,
Can from each extract a blessing,
Find a brother in the foe.

7.

Then no more thy sorrows nourish,
Prythee wipe thy tearful eye;
Let thy throbbing bosom cherish
Harmless mirth and gaiety!

8.

Bid that look of brooding sadness,
Bid each painful thought farewell,
Soon, I ween, shall joy and gladness
Ev'ry murky cloud dispel.

9.

Now I see a beam of pleasure
Wander o'er thy pallid cheek;
Soon shall blessing in full measure,
O'er thy gloomy prospects break!!

ADDRESS

TO

MY MOTHER.

1.

PALE, alas! my dear Mother's, the hue of thy cheek,
And Nature exhausted sinks fast to decay;
And in vain for the flush of enjoyment I seek,
For pain and disease are familiar to thee.

2.

Thine eyes were as windows, where thy soul sat retir'd,
And gaz'd from behind with expression serene
As the smiles of the East. But their lustre's expir'd,
And sad is thy soul for the darkness within.

3.

Thy limbs are grown feeble, and the life that remains
Still nurs'd in thy bosom, reluctantly glows,
And the blood slowly creeps thro' thy languishing veins,
And longs to congeal to eternal repose.

L

4.

Vain, alas! is the wish to obtain from the Nile,
Or steal from the thundering waves of the tide,
Th' excess of their waters a riv'let to swell,
And springs cease to flow when their sources are dry'd;

5.

Yet, would heav'n grant my pray'r, I would gladly resign
The tide of existence thy veins to supply;
Gently pour'd from my heart it should wanton in thine,
And snatch thee awhile from the realms of the sky!

6.

Oh say not, dear Mother, when thy spirit is fled
To regions of bliss, where no cares shall consume,
When, (the cold hand of Death long repos'd on thy head)
Thy breathless remains are consign'd to the tomb,

7.

That the Son who inspir'd from the fount of thy breast
The copious streams that breathe life on his frame,

And who slept on thy bosom, so fondly caress'd,
Shall cease to lament thee, nor weep at thy name.

8.

Tho' the sea rolls between its impassable waves,
The land of his birth can the Exile forget?
Do the forms of thy children ne'er steal from their graves
To plant in thy breast the sad sigh of regret?

9.

If the heart of the Exile, with filial love,
Incessantly sighs for his dear native shore,
When thy spirit is call'd to the mansions above,
Oh shall not thy Son his lost Mother deplore?

10.

As the Linnet depriv'd of the nest of her young,
In requiem notes tells her story of woe,
So thy name shall ne'er linger unblest on my tongue,
Or tears to thy mem'ry but languidly flow.

11.

Could I drink of oblivion from the Lethean wave,
And lose ev'ry trace of the scenes that are past.

I should wander by instinct to weep o'er thy grave,
And murmur a sigh o'er thy tomb till the last.

12.

How reviving the slumbers of wretches who weep,
Expiring in dungeons by Av'rice oppress'd,
And the death of the righteous but lulls them to sleep,
And rocks the tir'd soul in its cradle to rest.*

13.

Then dost thou, even thou, oh my Mother, despair,
Thy land of sweet promise, thy Canaan so nigh:
Dost thou shudder when God waits to welcome thee there,
And tho' longing for death yet tremble to die?

14.

When a poor, shatter'd ship, by tempestuous gales
Vehemently urg'd o'er the billowy main,
Feels the wind gently rush to impregnate her sails,
And waft the strain'd bark to her harbour again;

* "When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heav'nly soft their slumbers lie;
How sweet is death to those who weep,—
To those who weep and wish to die."
GOLDSMITH

15.

Should the mariners loose the vast sheet from its hold,
To wanton and sport unrestrain'd in the breeze,
And, despairing to ride in the port they behold,
The vessel commit to the merciless seas ;

16.

Oh would'st thou not pity th' infatuate crew,
Thus mournfully meas'ring the bulk of each wave,
And canst thou, dear Mother, when *thy* port is in view
With terror behold—shrink appall'd from the grave ?

17.

Tho' thy faith in thy God may have fainted awhile,
And doubts, and mistrust held a transient sway,
Yet Hope was thy comfort, and dispers'd with her smile
The mists that envelop'd his mercy away.

18.

Were thy crimes so immense, and the page of thy life
So frightfully black with continuous stain,

That the Angel of Truth, as he wept o'er the leaf,
Explor'd the vile blot for thy virtues in vain;

19.

Had the anguish of vice, in mute accents of woe,
And clamorous silence e'er tortur'd thy brain;
Or the cold sweat of guilt on thy feverish brow
Spoke murderous tales of the wretch thou hadst slain.

20.

Had the cries of the orphan e'er assail'd thy torn ears
With loud execrations, impassion'd, and deep,
Or the poor friendless widow, dissolv'd in her tears,
Fled far from thy presence to curse thee and weep;

21.

Then, ah well might the rapid approaches of Death,
(For Vice starts aghast, when the tyrant is near,)
Sap thy pillars of hope, and destroy with a breath,
And bid thy lost Spirit look back and despair.

22.

But the still admonition of conscience within
Ne'er yet hath proclaim'd thee familiar to crime,
Nor thy Saviour reproach'd with th' excess of his sin
The wretch who apply'd for atonement to him.

23.

E'er the baubles of youth had forgot to delight,
And Reason, matur'd, grew asham'd of the toys;
E'er mysterious nothings stood unveil'd to thy sight,
And musing Reflection had sober'd thy joys,

24.

As the nightingale's young, scarce releas'd from the nest,
Triumphantly pours its harmonious lays,
So thy pray'rs rose to heav'n, like the sighs of the blest,
To pray was thy heav'n, and thy transport to praise.

25.

Then list not, I pray thee, to these coward alarms,
Nor shrink from the foe when the victory's won;
When Jesus invites thee to partake in his arms
Of raptures eternal, the bliss wilt thou shun?

26.

Tho' a son from the arms of his father may stray,
His duteous steps should the wand'rer retrace,
And return to his sire, he receives him with joy,
And straineth his child in a fonder embrace:

27.

And shall not Jehovah, whose compassion so great
No tongue can declare; who delights to forgive,
Tho' thy feet may have err'd in this finite estate,
When return'd to his arms, in mercy receive?

28.

Has thy star of sweet Hope over Bethlehem shone
So long to enliven the road that is past,
That it's light thus grows weak; and thy God should disown,
And leave thee in darkness to mourn at the last?

29.

Oh no, my lov'd Mother; soon his glorious light
Shall beam on thy heart with its soul-cheering ray,
As the taper illumines the darkness of night,
And mercy, and goodness unbounded display.

30.

When the Angel of Mercy the volume of life,
With eyes beaming seraphic smiles shall explore,
He shall pause at thy name, and inscribe on the leaf,
"Come, hasten blest spirit, to joys evermore!!"

THE QUARREL.

1.

"INDEED I'm sorry from my heart
I should have hurt you so,
But still, oh still we need not part;
You will not leave us so,
I'm sure you won't.

2.

"Come, come, dismiss I pray, that frown,
Your hat upon the nail
Replace. I was a little harsh I own,
But then I meant it well,
Indeed I did."

3.

'Twas thus my Brother sooth'd, for he
And I had *fallen out*,
As Brothers sometimes disagree,
And angry grow about
They scarce know what.

4.

I'd acted wrong, and he had spoke
Perhaps a little loud,
(A little will at times provoke,)
And I, alas! was proud,
And cou'dn't brook it!

5.

"You've stretched the cord too far," I cried;
"Thank God your reign is o'er;
Now seek some other wretch to chide,
For I'm your slave no more,
And so farewell:"

6.

But when I rose to go, so pale
I seem'd but half to live,
He grasp'd my arm, (while something fell
Like rain upon my sleeve)
And cried "My BROTHER!"

7.

Oh heart! this was too much to bear;
I thought thou sure must break;
I clasp'd his hand; I felt a tear
Descend—I could not speak—
But wept aloud.

8.

He saw the melting tide, so blest,
The gushing torrent flow,
Convulsive strain'd me to his breast,
And said, " You will not *now*
Desert us, BROTHER ?"

9.

I felt his heart so fondly beat,
And found my transport such,
And this embrace so wond'rous sweet
I did not struggle much—
I know not how.

10.

My welcome promise giv'n to stay,
And from his arms at last
Releas'd; I brush'd my tears away,
And on the nail I plac'd
My hat again.

THE FOLLY

OF

PRIDE.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

St. Matthew, Chap. 5. v. 6

1.

OH why should man with lordly pride
Erect his tow'ring crest so high;
Can he restrain the ocean's tide,
Or hold dominion o'er the sky?

2.

Can all his greatness, all his pow'r,
(Tho' match'd with Hercules in might)
Protract existence for an hour,
Or "add one cubit to his" height?

3.

Tho' royal robe its folds intwines
Around the breathing mass of clay,
'Tis earth at best, and only shines
The splendid rival of a fly!

4.

The worm that crawls beneath his feet,
In insignificance secure,
Enjoys its insect life as sweet,
And draws the breath of heav'n as pure.

5.

Reflect, oh man! tho' here on earth
Above thy fellow-worms thy God
Exalts thy head: Tho' great thy birth,
And *uncontaminate* thy blood;

6.

Tho' the swift eagle from on high,
With sight extended o'er the plain,
Cannot at utmost stretch, survey
The bound'ries of thy vast domain;

7.

Reflect! the God who kindly pours
These dang'rous blessings on thy head,
Can with a word disperse thy stores,
Or in an instant strike thee dead!!

8.

That Pow'r, from whom all blessings spring,
Who turns each glorious planet round,
Can raise a peasant to a king,
Or sink a monarch to the ground!

9.

The glories which surround a throne,
Tho' purchas'd with a hero's blood,
Derive their brightest beams alone,
And most resplendent rays from God!

10.

Could man a thousand sceptres sway,
And all the world his sov'reign will,
And all-commanding voice obey,
He'd rank a finite mortal still.

11.

All pride is wrong when pride exceeds
The limits of its narrow span;
Yet when to virtuous acts it leads—
It raises and becomes the man.

12.

But they of wealth, or person vain,
Or whom capricious Chance prefer'd
Hereditary greatness to sustain,
Become contemptible, absurd.

13.

The peacock's but the type of such;
Is just as eager to reveal
Its vast accomplishments, and much
Admires the beauty of its tail!

14.

But will the strutting coxcomb's pride,
Tho' fairest of its beauteous race,
Produce the claim'd respect, or hide
The harsh, discordant tongue's disgrace?

15.

The same mishapen lump of earth
Beneath the potter's skilful hand,
May give the meaner vessel birth,
Or to the splendid vase expand.

16.

Tho' equal form'd, by Nature so,
Yet some there are proclaim, "give way
Ye humble slaves to us, for know
We're made of much superior clay!!!"

17.

Absurd conceit! the blood that flows
Impetuous in an emp'ror's veins,
No finer particles compose
Than their's, o'er whom the monarch reigns.

18.

Mankind can ne'er be truly great,
Except they're also truly good,
Superior wealth's the gift of Fate,
Superior virtue is from God.

NOTES, &c.

NOTE 1.

WHEN poor unhappy youth, whose silent ears,
No sense of sweet harmonious sound retain,
Now first arous'd to joy astonish'd hears
The "full toned organ's" bold, majestic strain.

Pale with delight, in mute, expressive signs,
He motions rapture to its wild excess;
Each quiv'ring limb, and ev'ry sense resigns,
To all the breathless extacy of bliss.

Page 17 & 18.

Since the sheet, containing the "Prefatory Address to my Muse" was put to press, it has been suggested by an intelligent friend, that the sense of the above quotation is in some measure obscure; or, at least, that the idea is not so palpably striking as with greater attention, and by a clearer mode of expression, it might have been. In deference to my friends' opinion, and from a wish to avoid as much as possible the charge of obscurity, it may not be impertinent here to observe that the idea is simply thus. A person has been deaf, and consequently dumb from his infancy. He, notwithstanding,

attends divine service, or we will barely *suppose* accident may have led him to attend the representation of an oratorio. His ears are now first accessible to sound, and he suddenly acquires the full possession of his hearing; of a sense of which, 'till this instant, he could not have had the most distant idea. I behold him in my mind's eye with his convulsed arms eagerly stretched forth as if to grasp the sounds, and listening to the music with an extacy little inferior (pardon the comparison) to that of the spirit, when saluted by the angelic choir, bidding it welcome to heaven; he cannot express his delight in words, for he has them not. But the universal tremor that agitates his whole frame, his expressive and various attitudes, sufficiently declare his astonishment, wonder and satisfaction. His joy, his transport, is too great for utterance, even were he acquainted with speech; but the want of language is abundantly supplied by expressive motion, and thus "he motions rapture" &c. at least that is my idea; whether it is clearly expressed is for wiser heads than mine to determine. I am afraid it is not. However, the fact itself is by no means unlikely, as history presents us with many instances of persons, who, being both deaf and dumb, by the force of fear, astonishment, or some other equally strong emotion, have suddenly acquired the use of hearing and of speech. As a remarkable instance of the latter, a youth born dumb, upon seeing a man about to strike his father, instantly exclaimed, "Soldier, do not kill thy king;" and, if my memory is correct, the assassin, struck with surprise, and looking upon this as a miraculous interposition of providence to preserve the life of his intended victim, dropt his weapon and fled.

NOTE 2.

I was much surprised upon meeting in a small publication, entitled the "Bee," (a judicious selection of poems for children,) with a copy of Pope's Universal Prayer, to find that my poem, entitled "Prayer and Praise inseparable," in two or three instances bears a resemblance to it, which might subject me to the charge of plagiarism. As the whole impression of my second sheet was then struck off, it was too late to revise it; but I can assure my readers that fifteen or sixteen years had elapsed from the period when I first perused that incomparable Prayer; and, as my age did not then exceed five or six years, it cannot be supposed the substance, or the form of expression, after the lapse of so long a time, were very fresh in my memory. This declaration, I hope, will be sufficient to convince the world, that although a slight degree of resemblance may be perceivable, the charge of wilful plagiarism is not deserved. Such of my readers, who have a copy of the "Universal Prayer" in their possession, may read both; not further to disgrace mine by *the comparison*, but to judge for themselves.

NOTE 3.

Nor dread Icarus' fate, for here
'Tis glorious to fall.

Page 93.

Daedalus had incurred the resentment of Minos, King of Crete, by the assistance afforded to his queen, Pasiphæ, in the

prosecution of her infamous amours; and to avoid the effects of his anger, he constructed wings wherewith he hoped, with his son Icarus, to escape. He instructed the latter not to soar too high; but he disregarding this caution, the sun melted the wax that confined the feathers of his wings, and he was precipitated into the sea, and drowned. His father, less ambitious in his flight, and occasionly dipping his wings in the sea to cool them, arrived safe at the place of his destination. Such is the fable; but the probable truth is, that Dædalus upon this occasion first invented sails, and his son being unskilful in the management of them, fell overboard and perished.

NOTE 4.

"The dark-hued native of a western clime,
- - - - - - - -
With humbled fierceness, and with heart elate
In gloomy wilds first learns to breathe the pray'r;
Erects an altar to the Spirit great,
And trusts that fav'ring Spirit hovers near."

Page 37.

The native Americans "believe in the superintending providence of a Supreme Being, whom they adore under the title of the Great Spirit," or Lord of the Universe. Him they invoke for protection at home, and assistance in war; and honor him by feasts, in order to procure favorable seasons for hunting. Their feasts are annually held in winter, on returning

from the chace; when choice carcases are presented, and sometimes a white dog is sacrificed. They repeat these ceremonies in spring, before the seed is put into the ground; and after harvest, when they have gathered in the produce. They believe also in the existence of inferior deities; especially two, of whom they relate a strange allegory, representing the good and evil principles. According to their tradition, the good being, Tcharonghyawagon had a twin brother, Tawiskarou, of an opposite disposition, under which they represent evil. Their grandmother, say they, was cast down from heaven when she was big with child of their mother, and falling upon the back of a great turtle began to form the earth. When the two brothers grew up, the evil one ever endeavoured to frustrate the good intentions of his beneficent brother. At length they fought and the earth shook at the combat. They passed over the continent of America; and according to their different agitations and tones of voice, the nations who were afterwards produced spoke different languages. Such is their history of the creation. When compared with other systems how does the Mosaic account of the same great event rise in sublimity!" Excursions in North America.

NOTE 5.

Where Indian seas, in populous display,
The winding shores of rich Hindoostan lave,
The dark Hindoos to mighty Brahma pray,
And leave their sins beneath the sacred wave.

Page 37

The following brief account of the religion of the Brahmins is extracted from Sir Wm. Jones's works, and by him from the writings of Menu, an Indian Philosopher. "This world" says the latter, "was all darkness, undiscernable, undistinguishable, altogether as in a profound sleep, 'till the self-existent, invisible God, making it manifest with five elements, and other glorious forms, perfectly dispelled the gloom. He desiring to raise up various creatures, by an emanation from his own glory, first created the WATERS, and impressed them with a power of motion; by that power was produced a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns, in which was born *Brahma* self-existing,* the great parent of all rational beings. The waters are called NARA, since they are the offspring of Nera, or Iswara, and thence was NARAGANA named, because his first AYUNA, or moving was in him. That which is, the invisible cause, eternal, self-existing, but unperceived, becoming masculine *from neuter*, is celebrated among all creatures by the name of BRAHMA."

"That God having dwelled in the egg through revolving years, himself meditating on himself, divided it into two equal parts, and from those halves formed the heavens and the earth, placing in the middle the subtle ether, the eight point of the world, and the permanent receptable of the waters. From this eternally-existing, Great First Cause, sprang the two essences, VISHNU and SIVA, and thus the Hindoo Triad or triple godhead was formed."

* Quere. How can Brahma be called "self-existent" when born in a golden egg, created by a superior and "invisible God."

"Very respectable natives have assured me," (continues Sir Wm.) "that one or two missionaries have been absurd enough, in their zeal for the conversion of the gentiles, to urge "that the Hindoos were even now almost christians, because their BRAHMA, VISHNU and SIVA, were no other than a christian trinity; a sentence in which we can only doubt whether folly, ignorance or impiety predominate. The three powers, creative, preservative, and destructive, which the Hindoos express by the triliteral word O'M, were grossly ascribed by the first idolaters to the HEAT, LIGHT and FLAME of their mistaken divinity, the sun; and their wiser successors in the east, who perceived that the sun was only a created thing, applied these powers to its creator; but the Indian Triad, and that of Plato, which he calls the supreme good, the reason and the soul, are infinitely removed from the sublimity and holiness which pious christians have deduced from tenets in the gospel. This tenet of church cannot, without profaneness, be compared with that of the Hindoos, which has only an apparent resemblance to it, but a very different meaning."

"Brahma is said to mean literally in Sanscrit "Wisdom of God." He is represented with a crown upon his head, and four hands. In one he holds a sceptre, in another the Vedas, or Indian scriptures, in a third a ring or circle, as an emblem of eternity, and the fourth is empty, being ready to assist and protect his creatures."

NOTE 6.

* * * * The rude Barbarians raise
The pond'rous stones to form an idol vast,
And teach their wond'ring babes to lisp its praise.

Page 38.

Captain Cook, in his voyages, found this species of idolatry (so prevalent in all uncivilized nations from the earliest ages of antiquity) very popular in the islands of the South Seas.

In one he observed three immense masses of stone, piled to the height of at least twenty feet, and bearing a rude resemblance to the human form. These were no doubt, formerly (perhaps even now) the objects of adoration to the unenlightened natives; and is it not wonderful, ignorant as they are of the simplest principle of mechanics, that they should notwithstanding contrive, by the mere force of muscular exertion, to raise a block of stone, of perhaps a ton weight, to this elevation. And must it not be a work of prodigious labour, with such imperfect tools, to carve them into the appearance of any thing human! Thou most mysterious, all wonderful God; thou great Intelligence who art, according to their several conceptions of thy glorious and incomprehensible nature, alike the object of adoration to the refined European and the poor untutored native of the South Seas, what cannot a love of thee effect!!

NOTE 7.

" In desart isles the pious savage rears," &c.

Page 38.

This species of idol worship is now so generally understood to prevail in almost all savage nations, and so much has been written on the subject by different circumnavigators, that a long dissertation upon it would be superfluous.

NOTE 8.

" The sooty negro on his sun-burnt plains
With zeal officious builds the twig-wrought cell,
In this a snake with gentle force detains,
And calls it God! his hope, and little all."

Page 38.

The worship of snakes is not peculiar to one quarter of the world. The natives of Africa are much addicted to it; and in an old book of travels, which I lately read, the author informs us, that the soldiers of Cortez, upon storming an Indian town, found a serpent of 25 feet in length, which had long been considered by the mistaken victims of their cruelty as a god.

NOTE 9.

" Where Persia's king its glittering sceptre wields,
And countless nations hear but to obey,
Its sallow sons adore the orb that yields
The rising blushes of the new-born day."

N Page 38.

Perhaps the sun might with greater propriety be said formerly to have been, than now, an object of adoration to the Persians. The introduction of Mahometism has long since exploded the more ancient, and perhaps more innocent religion, though there are still some few, who retain all the prejudices of their ancestors.

NOTE 10.

" A polish'd twig th' unletter'd savage wears,
And to his bosom clasps the sapless wood."
Page 39.

A tribe of Americans. These have such rude notions of a Supreme Being, that to a piece of wood, a bone, a stone, or any portable and inanimate substance that hits their fancy, they attribute all the functions of a God, and this they designate their Feetjee!

NOTE 11.

" In eastern realms reside a harmless tribe,
Who burn their incense to th' aspiring flame!"
Page 39.

The disciples of Zoroaster, an ancient philosopher, who taught that elementary fire is the first grand principle, and all other matter is but an emanation from its body. " Of the Parsees, or ancient worshippers of fire, there seem to be no remains in Persia, except a few visitors of the fiery eruptions of Naphtha near Baku, on the western shores of the Caspian. These innocent idolaters have been almost extirpated by Ma-

hometan fanaticism, which has propagated every scandal which malice could invent, representing them as devourers of children, and familiar with other atrocities. Mr. Hanway informs us that these Guebers, or Infidels, particularly worship the everlasting fire near Baku, an emblem of Ormuzd, or supreme ineffable Creator; while the evil principle believed to have sprung from matter, was stiled Ahuman. But the chief worshippers of the fire of Baku come from Hindoostan, to which the Parsees retired when Abbass expelled them from his empire, and they still abound near Bombay, where their singular method of sepulture excites attention, as they expose their dead in inclosed areas to be devoured by birds of prey; a custom which has been propagated to other Oriental Nations. Mr. Hanway says, that there were still some worshippers of fire at a place, thence called Gueberadad, near Ispahan."

Pinkerton's Geography.

NOTE 12.

"In Madagascar's unenlightened isle
A hollow bowl the sable native awes."

Page 39.

This as near as I can collect from the very simple narrative of Mr. Robert Drury, a person of well attested veracity, who was shipwrecked upon the coast, and for a long series of years endured all the horrors of slavery in Madagascar, is the form under which the natives of that neglected island worship God. For a further and more circumstantial account of their religion, I refer the reader to the above work, which they will find very entertaining, and of which a new edition has recently appeared.

NOTE 13.

"To them a monkey's jaw supplies a god,
A god minute and small! a lifeless bone!
To this they bow as parent of all good,
And praise the mighty tooth as God alone!"
Page 40.

Who shall place a limit to human credulity, or say to superstition, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" Strange and incredible as it may appear, the inhabitants of an island in the Indian Archipelago possessed no other semblance of God than an ape's tooth, and as a proof of their devoted attachment to their singular deity, they once bestowed upon a Dutchman, who had clandestinely obtained possession of it, by way of ransom, a sum of several hundred thousand pounds!

NOTE 14.

"Twas this which gave PROTEAN matter birth,
And shall at last the crumbling mass dissolve."
Page 51.

"Protean," alluding to the wonderful facility with which matter, by virtue of its infinite divisibility, accommodates itself to every change, form, and peculiar circumstance of its varied existence. Philosophers assure us that since the foundation of the world, near 6000 years back, it has neither lost or gained a single particle, though every atom that lies near the surface must repeatedly have changed the form and manner of its existence. To adopt an idea, though plain and simple, yet highly unworthy the magnificence

of the subject, were it possible the reader could, at the instant of perusing this note, weigh the world in a balance, with every thing appertaining thereunto, he would find its weight precisely the same with its allowed specific gravity at the time of its original formation. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Cetes, by the Greeks called Proteus, was accustomed to wear a head dress bearing the similitude, and fashioned after the forms of different animals, whence the Egyptian priests, (from whom the Greeks, with their accustomed avidity for the marvellous, borrowed, and improved upon the fable,) feigned, that he could at pleasure assume any form he chose, not excepting even that of fire.

NOTE 15.

" 'Tis not by gift divine, that we possess,
Beyond the brutes superior pow'r to know,
Nor had their equal lot, their sense been less
Than our's, if chance had not ordained it so."

Page 51.

I am well aware this may appear a language almost too ridiculous even for the mouth of an atheist. But, as, in my humble judgment, the subtlest logician attempting to exalt the absurd doctrine of chance over that of an all-powerful and an intelligent Creator, must, from sheer necessity, find himself reduced to the most miserable shifts and evasions to afford the shadow of a support for his most wretched and groundless arguments, I have ventured to insert it.

NOTE 16.

"So Erostratus o'er the Ephesian pile
The flaming brand, the wild combustion threw;
Survey'd its smoking ruins with a smile,
And thence his guilt's eternal record drew!"
Page 53.

As the story of Erostratus may not immediately occur to the recollection of my readers, I beg leave to subjoin the following brief account of this most extraordinary madman.

Erostratus possessing an ardent desire to transmit his name to posterity, and despairing to acquire a lasting fame fairly and honorably, (or perhaps from a natural depravity of disposition altogether indifferent to the means) as the most certain step to the attainment of his wishes, set fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and reduced this wonderful structure, celebrated all over the world for its astonishing magnificence, the beauty of its architecture, and the singular circumstances of its erection, to ashes. When his indignant judges demanded his motive, he candidly confessed it. They accordingly passed a decree, enacting that no person should hereafter utter his name upon pain of severe punishment, (I believe death.) But the destruction of a temple, the resort of all Greece, could not long be concealed from the historians of other states, and the little effect of this law, the sequel has long since decided.

NOTE 17.

"As water to the spider's tread." Page 78.

On a fine summer's day myriads of these little animals may be observed sporting upon the surface of the stream, and with

a dexterity and activity truly astonishing, avoiding every effort to ensnare them. Their shape is long and slender, and not inelegant; their colour a deep black. When a child, I have frequently amused myself with watching these interesting little voyagers, but never yet saw one sink beneath the surface; nor are these the only insects for whom the waters seem to have lost their elastic property. Every person in the habit of strolling by the side of a clear brook, must have seen a species of black bug, of an exact oval form, and about the bigness of a lady bird, describing the most exact circles on the "glassy wave," and coursing each other with as much eagerness as the hare is pursued by the hounds, till tired of the sport, they suddenly sink to the bottom.

NOTE 18.

"As fearless Pettrell on the mountain waves," &c. Page 85.

A species of aquatic fowl remarkable for their boldness in a storm. They appear anxiously to await the coming of the expected tempest, and when the waves have attained their greatest height, they are seen to float upon their summits with all the confidence and security imaginable.

NOTE 19.

"And like the fond Cornelia of old." Page 86.

Cornelia, a Roman lady of distinguished virtue, and the mother of the Graehii. She was requested, by several fe-

males who were ostentatiously exhibiting their jewels, to produce hers. She introduced her children!

NOTE 20.

" But swift as she, by gold betray'd."

Page 117.

Atalanta, with extraordinary beauty, possessed such incomparable swiftness, that she appeared rather to fly than run. But the Gods had decreed, that whoever aspired to her hand, must first outstrip her in the race; or, in case of failure suffer death. Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of success, numbers, fired with the hope of winning such a glorious prize, ventured, and lost their lives in the attempt. Hippomenes, more prudent than the rest, implored the aid of Venus in his behalf. She supplied him with three golden apples, directing him, by trundling them before her, to divert the attention of his fair competitor from the race.

" The first apple on the plain he threw,
The nymph stopped sudden at th' unusual sight,
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright,
Aside she starts the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling gold.
Th' observant youth passed by, and scoured along,
While peals of joy rung from th' applauding throng!"

She however recovers her distance, and again leaves

" The panting youth behind,
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold,
With the temptation of the second gold;

The bright temptation fruitlessly was toss'd,
So soon alas! she won the distance lost!"

The third apple, however, delayed her speed so long, that Hippomenes, by this fortunate stratagem, won the victory and the maid.

NOTE 21.

" Fix'd as they to forms of marble
Chang'd by cursed Persean shield."

Page 124.

Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danæ, possessed the head of Medusa, which had the *very singular* property of turning every beholder into stone; and accordingly formed a most admirable shield of defence. The following story of one of its exploits is an extract from Ovid's Metamorphoses.

" The crowds increasing and his friends distrest,
Himself by warring multitudes opprest,
Since thus unequally you fight, tis time
(He cried) to punish your presumptuous crime;
Beware my friends:—his friends were soon prepared,
Their sight averting high, the head he reared,
And Gorgon on his foes severely stared.

Vain shift, says Theseulus, with aspect bold,
Thee and thy bugbear monster I behold
With scorn:—he lifts his arm, but ere he threw
The dart, the hero to a statue grew;
In the same posture still the marble stands,
And holds the warrior's weapons in its hands.

Aphyx, whom yet this wonder can't alarm,
Heaves at Lyncides' breast his impious arm,
But, while thus daringly he presses on,
His weapon and his arm are turned to stone."

\- - - - - - -

" These for affronting Pallas were chastised,
And justly met the death they had despised;
And brave Aconteus, Persens' friend by chance
Look'd back and met the Gorgons fatal glance:
A statue now become he ghastly stares,
And still the foe to mortal combat dares;
Astyages the living likeness knew,
On the dead stone with vengeful fury flew;
But impotent his rage; the jarring blade
No print upon the solid marble made:
Again, as with redoubled might he struck,
Himself astonish'd in the quarry stuck.

The vulgar deaths were tedious to rehearse,
And fates below the dignity of verse;
Their safety in their flight two hundred found,
Two hundred by Medusa's head were stoned.

ERRATA.

PAGE 18, line 14, for *drag'd*, read *dragg'd*.
39, — 3, for *possesed*, read *possest*.
49, — 8, for *wonder*, read *question*.
155, — 10, for *know*, read *knew*.

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